Nora Sayre on the Republican apocalypse

Why you're wasting your money on most over-the-counter drugs

Pornography in the courtroom: the U.S. v. Harry Reems

SEPTEMBER 17 1976 $1.00
THE FEATURE NEWS MAGAZINE

New Times

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Glenn Braswell, President, Cosvetic Laboratories.

WHAT I DISCOVERED

Believe me, I had a problem. Five years ago I had all sorts of hair problems. I even thought I was going to lose my hair. Everyone in my family always had thick, healthy hair, so I knew my problem could not be hereditary.

I tried everything that made sense, and even a few things that didn't. When I went to a dermatologist, I got no encouragement. One doctor even jokingly said the only way to save my hair was to put it in a safety deposit box. Incidentally, he had less hair than I did. Needless to say, nothing would work for me.

But I didn't give up hope. I couldn't. My good looks (and vanity) spurred me on to find a cure. I started hitting the books.

My studies on hair have pointed more and more to nutrition. Major nutritionists report that vitamins and minerals in the right combination and in the right proportion are necessary to keep hair healthy. And one internationally acclaimed beauty and health expert says the best hair conditioner in the world is proper nutrition. (In non-hereditary cases, in which hair loss is directly attributed to vitamin deficiencies, hair has been reported to literally thrive after the deficiencies were corrected.)

WHAT THE EXPERTS DISCOVERED

Then I started reading all the data on nutrition I could get my hands on. I am now finding the medical field beginning to support these nutritionists.

Studies have determined that the normal adult could be replacing each hair on the head as often as once every three to four years. You need to give your hair its own specific dietary attention, just as you give your body in general.

One doctor at a major university discovered that re-growth of scalp cells occur 7 times as fast as other body cells. Therefore, general nutrition (even though it may be good enough for proper nourishment of the skin), may not be sufficient for scalp and hair.

In the Human Hair Symposium conducted in 1973, scientists reported that hair simply won't grow without sufficient zinc sulfate.

In case after case my hopes were reinforced by professional opinions. (And you know how hard it is to get any two scientists or doctors to agree on anything.)

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"I have had problem hair all my life until I found your vitamin advertisement. . ." W.H., Castlewood, Va.

"My hair has improved greatly and I am so encouraged to continue spreading the good word along to friends and neighbors. I had tried everything including hair and scalp treatments to no avail. . ." S.H., Metairie, La.

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SEPTEMBER 17, 1976
VOLUME 7, NUMBER 6

NewTimes

"We have seen the end. . ."

To hear the Reagan supporters at the Republican Convention tell it, the apocalypse is upon us. The date: November 7.
By Nora Sayre
Page 22

COVER
PHOTOGRAPH BY RON DEMILT
HANDS BY YUKI NAKAZAWA

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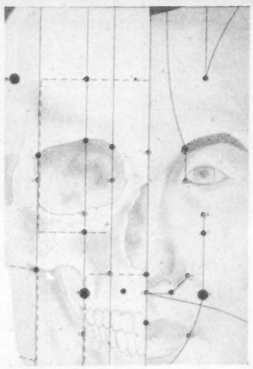
Beat the pundits New Times 1976 Election Year Follies

Will Jerry mention Tricky Dick? Will Jimmy sweep the South? And which of the two contenders will be in residence at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue come January 1? Join the fun and see if you can outguess the press.
Page 35

Non-prescription drugs—the ultimate confidence game

What many consumer advocates have long suspected is now being proved true by a corps of FDA investigators: half of the ingredients used in over-the-counter drugs have little—if any—worth.
By Daniel Zwerdling
Page 36



Shiatsu—acupuncture without needles

The basic thump-and-roll of Western massage is fast giving way to the sensuous pokes of shiatsu, a Japanese massage technique that stimulates the body's acupuncture points and soothes the soul.
By David Black
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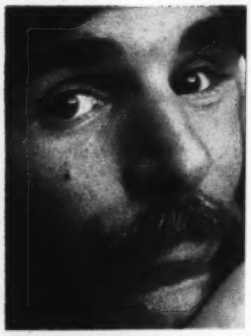

"Today Harry Reems, tomorrow Helen Hayes"

Hollywood's new cause célèbre, attracting the likes of Beatty and Nicholson, has as its unlikely star Harry Reems, who, for working one day on *Deep Throat*, was convicted on federal conspiracy charges.
By Gerry Nadel
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The Ruling Class
Prince Bernhard, smart enough to play the fool?
By Robert Scheer
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Fulminations
Fallout over radiation.
By Larry L. King
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Party Lines
Bob Dole is as shifty as Muhammad Ali, but is he a heavyweight?
By Robert Shrum and Robert Sam Anson
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The Rolling Thunder Revue, one more time.
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Tacchella, Germi and others dust off family albums.
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Bringing home the bacon, but not much else.
By Frank Conroy
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On writing about a man obsessed with writing—and with death.
By Geoffrey Wolff
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Food
In search of a real *milk* shake.
By Bud Newcomb
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Final Tribute
To George Blanda, on behalf of all the other old wrecks.
By Mark Goodman
Page 72

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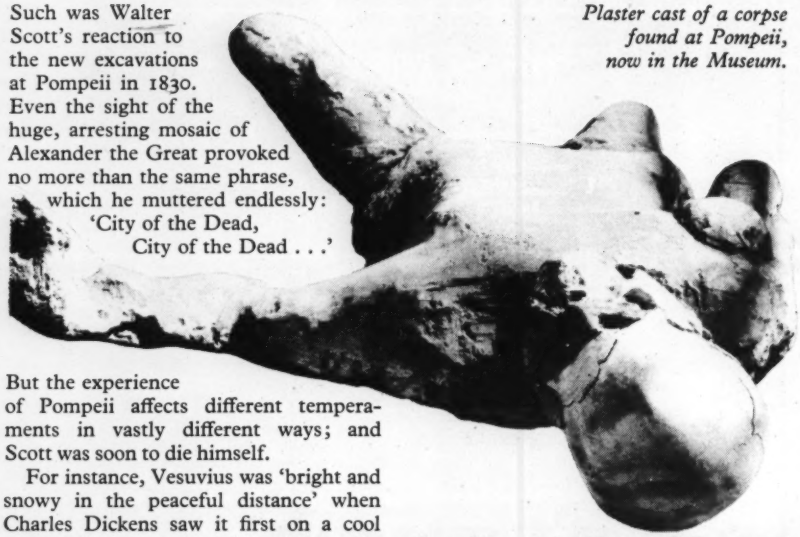
'City of the Dead, City of the Dead . . .'

Such was Walter Scott's reaction to the new excavations at Pompeii in 1830. Even the sight of the huge, arresting mosaic of Alexander the Great provoked no more than the same phrase, which he muttered endlessly:

'City of the Dead,
City of the Dead . . .'



Plaster cast of a corpse found at Pompeii, now in the Museum.

But the experience of Pompeii affects different temperaments in vastly different ways; and Scott was soon to die himself.

For instance, Vesuvius was 'bright and snowy in the peaceful distance' when Charles Dickens saw it first on a cool spring day in 1845. He instructs the visitor to stand in the forum of Pompeii and admire the volcano through the columns of The Temple of Isis; seeing it as a thing of beauty, not just as a thing of 'doom and destiny, biding its terrible time.'

A thousand years before Christ a fearful eruption had deposited ash and dust as far away as Avellino and Benevento, seventy miles away. By AD 79, the memory had vanished, and the shadow of Vesuvius fell on a busy, slightly raffish town of some twenty thousand souls, about as big as Andover, Massachusetts today. Along the beautiful Bay of Naples stretched a Costa Brava-like string of luxury villas which made the whole coast seem like a continuous town.

The eruption started around one o'clock on 24 August with the appearance from the mountain of a cloud of unusual shape and size—'like a pine tree,' said Pliny, observing from the other side of the bay. Curiosity aroused, his uncle, the admiral and scientist, set off by boat to investigate: Pliny went back to his books. Nearer the mountain, though daytime, it was as though 'the final endless night of which we had heard had come upon the world. The admiral died in the sulphurous fumes 'looking more like a man asleep than dead'. Earthquakes shook the ground 'so that the chariots we had ordered were so agitated backwards and forwards that we could not keep them steady'. Buildings tottered and fell. Storms of ash and stones rained down. Panic-stricken crowds attempted flight in the lurid darkness. 'The sea seemed to roll back on itself so that the shore was considerably enlarged and several sea animals were left upon it. On the other side, a black and dreadful cloud, broken with rapid zigzag flashes, revealed behind it variously-shaped masses of flame'.

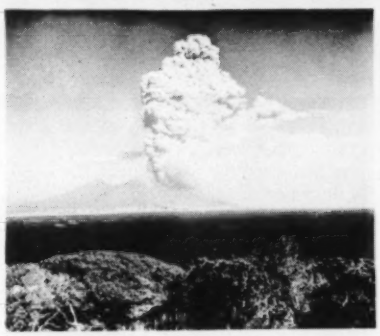
Then for sixteen hundred years the shadow of Vesuvius fell on a silent, unpeopled city, its life arrested like an abruptly-frozen film. Today the same dominating shadow falls on the greatest tourist attraction of the Western World. The turn of fate which revealed the lost cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum began in 1710 when a peasant digging a well, struck costly marbles from the theatre of Herculaneum. The discoveries ushered in a Neo-classical revival which

Beautiful Books *interesting reading . . .*

in the two centuries that followed produced a revolution in artistic taste; and affected furniture, decoration and art in the whole civilised world.

Raleigh Trevelyan's narrative *The Shadow of Vesuvius: Pompeii* AD 79 gives a striking personal impression of this ghostly city where, in Shelley's words, one hears 'the autumnal leaves like light footfalls of spirits passing through the streets'. He gives, too, an entertaining history of the slow striptease of time which gradually, tantalizingly, revealed one of the biggest storehouses of treasure the world has seen, the source of much of our knowledge of daily life in the Roman world.

A fine book. *John Letts*



The last eruption of Vesuvius in 1944.

Four Complaints about The Folio Society

It takes a little while to adjust to the unfamiliar. Several thousand book lovers in the United States have made that mental leap in recent years, and now belong to a distinctly unusual organisation which is neither book club nor publisher, but a little bit of both.

For instance, it does not mass-produce huge editions by photo-offset. Nor does it lure you into buying on credit, use a computer system for mailing or billing, or despatch 'selections' which you have forgotten to say you did not want.

Most eccentric of all, it pays *all* your mailing costs from London, England – wherever you live: West Coast or East Coast; Plains, Georgia or Prudhoe Bay.

Even the complaints it receives are unusual. Here are some samples.

W.M.M. of North Andover, Massachusetts, complains that 'I have some fifteen thousand volumes crowding my shelves . . . But I love John Aubrey so much I cannot resist a new edition of *Brief Lives*. Every year you publish something I want, even though I am overloaded with books.' That is why we balance our list so carefully from the by-ways *as well as* the highways of literature and history.

W.K. of Northport, N.Y., complains: 'The advertisements are clever . . . they presume a great conspiracy is spreading untruths about The Folio Society.' We deny any intention to deceive. We err – or *try* to err – in the direction of making advertisements as interesting to read as the newspapers and magazines they appear in.

A.S. of Flossmoor, Illinois, complains: 'I like your service. I like the way you send me the wrong book sometimes (and then write a nice letter of apology) – it adds a nice touch of un-computerised humanity.' Avoiding computers doesn't render us immune from making mistakes –but if we do, we correct them politely and speedily.

A.V.H. of Minnesota complains: 'Mail delay is a growing problem here in the US, but nothing more you can do about this—we have been fighting the battle for a century without success.' Enough said. We do find, however, that international parcels often reach members *more* quickly than internal US mail parcels.

Members join The Folio Society in fact for a variety of reasons – because they like the civilised atmosphere, because they like good book design . . . but mainly because they like the books. They are interesting to read, attractive to look at, and modestly priced (the average price is still only a little over $11.00 post free, complete with slipcase). And you don't have to cross the Atlantic to look at them. Today you can see all the 120 or so titles in the list at The Folio Gallery in midtown Manhattan, (just off Park Avenue, at 113 East 55th Street) where you can browse among five times as many books as you see here, and purchase on the spot if you wish.

To join, you need choose only four. And you get free, as a bonus, *The Shadow of Vesuvius*, reviewed on the opposite page. You also get, for a nominal payment, a 36 page quarterly literary magazine with articles by writers such as Rosamond Lehmann and Pamela Hansford-Johnson.

Best of all, since you choose your four titles in advance, you aren't plagued with monthly computer communications: and if you are not pleased with the books, a guaranteed right of return gives you ample protection. Completing the coupon below commits you to nothing. So why not do it today?

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I am interested in joining The Folio Society, and would like to see a copy of *The Shadow of Vesuvius*, together with a copy of the 1977 Prospectus. I will send my order for a minimum four books promptly, thus taking up membership, or else return *The Shadow of Vesuvius* volume. NT 57X

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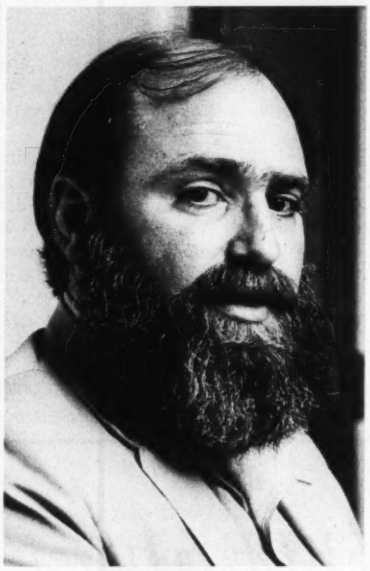
Behind The Scenes

Black Sun, a biography published by Random House last month, should have been an ideal candidate for a review in *New Times* by our book critic, Geoffrey Wolff. It is, first of all, biography at its best, a book so well researched and so finely crafted that none other than James Dickey has called it "the best biography I have ever read." It is also about someone who would particularly appeal to a young audience like ours: Harry Crosby, an aspirant to the arts, a twenties existentialist and expatriate in his 20s, an early experimenter in drugs and occult religions. Leon Edel has called it a "brilliant study of an American pseudo-decadent, a probing of the psychological and pathological side of the 'lost generation.'" Author



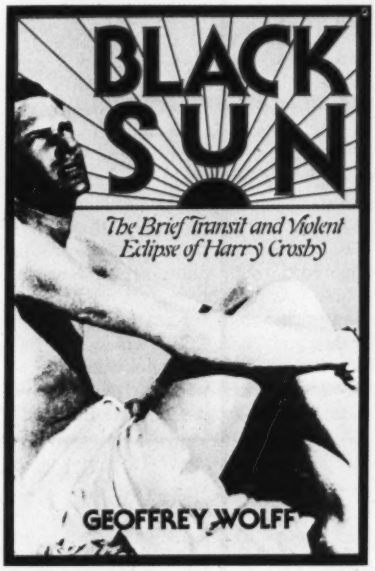
JOAN BINGHAM

Geoffrey Wolff

Hugh Kenner believes that *Black Sun* "catches the sheer vertigo of the Paris paraliterary life as not even Hemingway caught it." Finally, *Black Sun* would have appealed to that seldom admitted vanity of all critics—the ability to "scoop" other critics. Geoffrey knew of the book well in advance, and could have reviewed it before it ever hit the front page of the *New York Times Book Review*, as it did two weeks ago. So why did you, the reader, not first learn of *Black Sun* in these pages? Because Geoffrey Wolff wrote it himself.

The cultural taboo against critics reviewing their own books is probably stronger than that against incest itself, and rightly so. But that did not prevent us from inviting Geoffrey in his current review column (see page 66) to share some of his experiences in researching the book. Nor does it prevent me from adding my two cents: I found *Black Sun* one of the most engrossing books I have picked up in years.

Geoffrey, since joining the magazine in May 1974, has been our most prolific contributor. In addition to his biweekly reviews, he has written features ranging from the joys of wood-burning stoves to the debauchery of a Vermont county fair. *New Times* is the third publication for which Geoffrey has served as book editor; from 1964 to 1969, he held that job at the *Washington Post*; from 1969 to 1971, at *Newsweek*. In between, he has found time to write two novels, *Bad Debts* and *The Sightseer*, and to teach



at Princeton University and Middlebury College, which is near his home in Vermont. Geoffrey is now in the midst of his fourth book, about which he will say almost nothing except that it opens in the Rhode Island home of editor Jon Larsen's mother-in-law (which makes Larsen himself both apprehensive and hopeful). "Most things that happen in that house," Larsen says, "are fascinating."

But that is a chicken that has not yet hatched. *Black Sun*, the bird in hand, is terrific. I recommend it.

George A. Hirsch

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The Ruling Class

Prince Bernhard of Bilderberg/By Robert Scheer

Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands has been the recipient of a great deal of publicity lately for his shady dealings with the Lockheed corporation. But you would never know from reading the reports in the *New York Times* or elsewhere that the Prince has been anything more than a comic and minor figure of leftover European royalty, a doddering escort to an archaic Queen who can parlay the dregs of courtly power into a couple of airplane deals. On the contrary, Bernhard has been one of the most influential men in postwar international politics. He has presided over annual super-secret and elite conferences which have included our President, Vice-President and Secretary of State. Yet, for all of its vast coverage of the Prince's life, the *Times* devoted exactly one sentence to this, his most important activity: the Bilderberg conferences which the Prince conducted. This omission could not have been for lack of information, since *Times*men James Reston, C.L. Sulzberger and Max Frankel have been participants.

You have never heard of Bilderberg? Small wonder. Its participants are carefully screened on both sides of the Atlantic, and pledged to secrecy. Even the whereabouts of its meetings are kept secret, and the site is changed every year for reasons of security (the name Bilderberg is taken from the hotel site of the first meeting in 1954). One can appreciate the secrecy when one considers who in fact attends these meetings that the Prince has been chairing all these years: Dean Rusk, Dean Acheson, McGeorge Bundy, Robert McNamara, Senator Henry Jackson, David Rockefeller, Walter Wriston, Nelson Rockefeller, Henry Kissinger, Gerald Ford, George W. Ball. . . . These people form the club of all clubs, and Prince Bernhard, now in such disrepute, was the man who held the gavel.

The selection committee in this country is headed by one Joseph Esrey Johnson, who was the president of the Carnegie Foundation for 21 years and is currently president emeritus. Last year, Johnson told me that Bilderberg was the most prestigious non-official gathering of its kind. George Franklin, executive director of the Council on Foreign Relations for 25 years, echoed the sentiment: "a *very* distinguished Anglo-American group." Indeed, when I asked Franklin if he had ever attended any of the meetings, he seemed surprised that I would even think he were in *that* league.

Both Franklin and Johnson stressed that Bilderberg is not just another excuse for a junket. It has been pivotal in hammering out a common Cold War stance between the European and American corporate and political elite. Among other things, Bilderberg conferences helped to develop a common outlook on NATO problems, trade issues, O.P.E.C. and détente. It has also been instrumental in determining new structures within which the elite can extend and flex its power. The Trilateral Commission, a more above-ground version of Bilderberg, which recently received

PHILIPPE LEDRU/SYGMA

attention because of Jimmy Carter's attendance, grew directly out of Bilderberg conferences.

As Franklin, now the secretary of the Trilateral Commission, recalls it, it began with a speech delivered by David Rockefeller. "Rockefeller gave a speech to three of the Chase Bank forums in the spring of 1972, in which he thought it would be useful if the leading private citizens of the three most developed industrial non-communist regions of the world [North America, Western Europe and Japan] could try to get together and work out agreed approaches to things. . . . He didn't get much response to this thought in those particular speeches. But at the Bilderberg group . . . David again made this proposal and apparently the next eight speakers all said this was a marvelous idea, and encouraged him to go ahead and do something about forming such a group." And so the Trilateral Commission was born.

It is interesting to note in retrospect that Rockefeller's speech was delivered by the sufferance of the Prince himself. Normally, Bernhard limits everyone to five minutes; he controls the time with a system of red, yellow and green lights, operated by a woman who flanks him on a built-up podium. When Bernhard gives the green light, a speaker can start; when he signals the woman to switch on the red light, the speaker must stop. But when it comes to David Rockefeller, who is on the Steering Committee of Bilderberg, five minutes can go on for an hour.

The Prince's leadership of this Blue Ribbon association poses some interesting questions. The *New York Times* headlined that the Dutch government's report on the Prince "Depicts Bernhard as Petulant, Weak, Indecisive and Scheming." Are these character flaws that went unnoticed to Reston and Sulzberger ?
And if Bilderberg was the grease that allowed the international elite to operate, might not a schemer have been just what the elite was looking for? If Lockheed found Bernhard so useful, is it not now fair to ask if similar services were not also performed for Chase, First National and the hundreds of other companies represented at Bilderberg? If not, then what was the significance of this man to the powerful of the Western World?

Perhaps my own view of Bilderberg exaggerates its importance since its meetings are closed and one who is not privy to the proceedings can only speculate as to what has been decided by this annual gathering of the European and American elite. But surely people as busy as David Rockefeller are not just looking for a free junket. And if this powerful a group of industrial and political leaders trafficked with a man now judged by his own government to have abused his elite contacts, then further investigation is in order. Certainly those who hold high positions of trust in our government, such as President Ford, Nelson Rockefeller and Kissinger, have an obligation to tell us just what they did in their meetings with the Prince back in the good old days. Maybe it was nothing, but isn't the *New York Times* the least bit curious? ●

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FILTER: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report APR. '76.

Fulminations

Danger: atomic garbage / By Larry L. King

The chilling words jumped off the front page of the *New York Times* on a recent cheerless morning: "A decade-old mixture of radioactive wastes blew up for unexplained chemical reasons today in a small building on the Hanford Nuclear Reservation, slightly injuring one workman and contaminating him and nine other workmen with radioactivity. . . ."

As usual, official spokesmen rushed to make soothing sounds: there had been no "nuclear explosion," the accident was "the first of its kind," the injured man was "O.K., up and walking around." Everytime something goes awry in one of those death factories, we are told everything is hunky-dory. We are up to our asses in very lethal atomic garbage, and just because cases of leakage in nuclear plants and waste disposal plants have been relatively well contained—considering their potential for holocaust—it is no assurance our luck will forever hold.

Just how dangerous is our atomic garbage heap? Well, Neanderthal man appeared only about 75,000 years ago and right this minute we've got something like 87 million gallons of high-level radioactive waste that must be safely stored for up to 500,000 years! The truth is, we don't have any idea how to effectively do that.

The stuff now is buried in giant tanks, most of them in the American West and Southwest, where it literally will boil for years of its own inner fuels. Though it should be contained for up to an impossible half-million years, bright planners have stored it in tanks built to last about 30 years. The tanks have leaked on at least 25 occasions.

At the Hanford site in Washington, where the recent explosion occurred (and where the tanks also have leaked), a single million-gallon tank contains about 250 times the amount of strontium 90 that fell on Hiroshima. All strontium 90 does is destroy your bones on the way to killing you. Then there's plutonium: one-millionth of one gram is enough to induce cancer in laboratory animals; one speck in your lungs and you're a good bet for cancer. There's also cesium. Cesium radiation will bore through anything except heavy lead.

We keep adding to our atomic garbage pile. If we live to the year 2000—and continue to generate nuclear power for electricity—we'll have about 60 million gallons *more* to store in those leak-prone tanks. It will be more powerful, and consequently more dangerous, than the nuclear wastes we've produced to date. Hotter. More radioactive.

A report from the National Academy of Sciences estimates that "normal" emissions from nuclear plants could cause up to 20,000 deaths annually—and that, presumbly, means if our good luck holds. That's if no tornadoes, hurricanes, earthquakes or acts of saboteurs or careless workmen cause the unmentionable to happen.

Don't feel excessively safe just because there's no nuclear plant in your neighborhood or no boiling storage tank buried in your back yard. People who don't care how dirty their money is continue to ship highly radioactive materials across the country by truck or rail. If you stood around the fuel casks they transport, within 17 hours you'd be provided your "allowable" radiation dosage for an entire year. If a train carrying this atomic garbage should have a wreck—as occurred two years ago in West Virginia—you'd have the makings of a first-class calamity. Food crops, water sources and land could be dangerously contaminated.

Five or six years ago, the Atomic Energy Commission thought it had a permanent disposal solution. It would place the waste in a huge cavern in the South—buried very deep—but fears developed that in time it might seep into underground water reserves. Then there was a plan to bury it 1,000-feet deep in a Kansas salt mine because rock salt is geologically stable. Salt decomposes in water, however, and it was discovered that a salt mine owner using experimental techniques had pumped thousands of gallons of water in and may otherwise have undermined the deposit. Now about all the AEC can do is mumble to Congress about working on the problem through temporary solutions involving structures hopefully more worthy than those leaky storage tanks. The scary fact is that there's just *not* any solution.

To whom do we owe thanks for this wonderful mess? To the U.S. military, for its years of bomb testing; to the AEC, which for years used only a fraction of its budget for considering disposal safeguards; to greedy private industry, finding profit in the scare over energy shortages; to the nose-pick politicians, who continue to reflect small concern.

Nor is the problem unique to the United States. Russia is thinking of injecting its meaner wastes into sandstone formations; no matter how deep they go, it's not guaranteed as foolproof. Japan is seeking remote islands for its storage, but what of typhoons and earthquakes there? And given the relative rapidity with which civilizations fall and empires change, what provisions can be made to assure that future citizens of the world receive some warning thousands and thousands of years from now as to where we've buried our worst poisons?

Since the moment the first atomic bomb obliterated Hiroshima, we've lived with the threat of proud and foolish nations bringing on a worldwide holocaust through war. That threat has in no way abated, though it now appears an equal danger may be contamination from our own atomic garbage heaps.●

RON GARRISON/HERALD LEADER

A nuclear dumping ground.

Party Lines

Dole's other side/By Robert Sam Anson and Robert Shrum

Dole wasn't exactly a household word, but he was already a bad name among the opinion givers. The *New York Times* regretted the "Doleful Nomination"; opposite the editorial, Reston coincidentally punned "Ford's Doleful News." The *Washington Post* spared the pun, though competitive variations like "dolorous" were still available, and scorned the candidate anyway. In the *Washington Star*, Garry Wills, accusing Dole of "further lowering the dignity of the Vice-Presidency," taxed him for a typo: in his acceptance address, he mispronounced, and his advanced text misprinted, "tired" as "tried"—primarily because Dole, frequently an impressive speaker, was *tired* after having *tried*, successfully, through a week of nearly sleepless nights, to moderate the platform and, as temporary chairman of the convention, to modulate the Ford-Reagan dispute over vice-presidential selection rules.

But it wasn't that acceptance speech, a mild collage of Republican nostrums compounded in the brief hours after Ford's phone call, which cast the 53-year-old Kansan as a Neanderthal hacking a narrowly partisan swath through politics with a ruthless verbal club. Rather, it was the memory of Dole as Richard Nixon's rhetorical vassal, a White House foul mouthpiece in 1971 and 1972, the Republican national chairman who denounced McGovern-Shriver, for example, as a "ticket which can do nothing but parrot the propaganda of the Communist enemy."

Democrats who serve with him in the Senate see other sides of Dole, but, in the midst of a national campaign, they're not anxious to balance the editorial focus on his darker moments. "It's poetic justice," a colleague laughs, "to watch the press do to him what he did to us."

"I like him," another Democrat concedes; "he's one of the genuinely complex people on Capitol Hill. Just when you think you have his number, he contradicts your calculations. Dole once seemed the loyal-est of the Nixon loyalists, his allegiance sealed during a tough congressional race, when Nixon, then out of office, prop-hopped into western Kansas and, by Dole's reckoning, made the difference. In 1971, Nixon, now in the White House, hand-picked Dole, a first term senator, as national chairman. But Dole didn't turn out to be quite what the President and his men expected. For sure, he was nasty to Democrats, but he also had a nettlesome streak of non-partisan candor. When ITT and CREEP attempted to cover the size of the corporation's gift to the 1972 convention, Dole insisted on publicly stating the accurate figure of $400,000. The White House gang never trusted him fully.

Nonetheless, he nearly lost his Senate seat in 1974 because of suspicion by association with Nixon; ironically, the political career Nixon had rescued in the 1960s was almost destroyed in the next decade by his downfall. Dole narrowly held on after charging his opponent, literally, with mud-slinging. A last minute Dole TV spot showed mud being hurled at his picture, then sliding off to reveal a "clean" Dole. So, by a 2 percent margin, Dole returned to the Senate to continue what a Democratic staffer who's worked with him characterizes as "a real process of growth. He's from a limited background, but he's intelligent; he's not close-minded."

By all accounts, including his own, Dole was a Neanderthal when he first came to the Congress in 1961. "I was one of 12 congressmen voting against Social Security. When that happens, you start to think." A Dole supporter from Kansas recalls: "In those days, he was just a hard-core reactionary. He almost got beaten in 1964 because in a wheat farming district he was against selling wheat to Russia." Today, Dole remains a conservative, a regular foe of liberal action and articles of faith such as mass transit, school busing, oil company divestiture and public service employment. Though his ADA rating has inched up 20 points, the liberals aren't considering him for any awards this year.

But the ADA's ideological counterpoint, the Americans for Constitutional Action, which gives him a score four times higher, stopped giving him *its* annual award for "true conservatives" in 1970. Dole, in a friend's phrase, is "no ideology's true believer." Occasionally, he's even half a civil libertarian. Back when he was a shameless Nixon apologist on the Vietnam War, at the height of the campus protests, he voted against revoking federal aid to students involved in "disorders" unless a court convicted them of breaking the law. Originally a supporter of "no knock," he voted with a Senate majority to repeal it in 1974. He introduced the first legislation of the 94th Congress to protect the confidentiality of tax returns.

Perhaps the most important clue to his evolution, certainly the most painful heresy to the conservatives, is Dole's defense of the food stamp program. It's a perfect issue for a conservative hatchet-mouth to sharpen his tongue on: it's giveaways, welfare chiselers, rip-off artists, all the red-flag code words of the reactionary lexicon. But when the Ford Administration, invoking that lexicon to appease the Reagan wing, attempted to perform a (William) Simon Legree on the program, Dole enlisted, indeed he was a general, on the other side. With George McGovern, he co-sponsored the "liberal" alternative, the bill endorsed by the AFL-CIO, the hunger lobby, the *Times* and the *Post*. One of its provisions in effect would have converted food stamps into a modest guaranteed annual income. The conservatives were horrified; to avert this catastrophe, they traded away their Draconian cutbacks. "Dole saved food stamps," says McGovern, who will talk on the record, and gratefully, of his onetime adversary's contribution.

Is there a pattern to Dole's "process of growth" or is it a jumble of random conveniences and shifting whims? An Eastern Democrat contends: "Dole has been changing subtly, gradually, as long as I've known him. But the last four years have accelerated the changes. After Watergate, he's not an administration robot anymore, the automatic vote he once was for Haynesworth and Carswell. He not only voted to override Ford's veto of the school lunch bill; he spoke *for* it. And after his close call in 1974, maybe he felt the necessity, and the freedom, to be more moderate. He doesn't appear to be a hard-hearted man. He benefited from a government program after his war injuries."

Virtually all Dole interpreters, whose numbers have become legion since August 19, look for the psychological impact of those physical injuries. "He's the only politician I know who can't shake with his right hand [which is permanently paralyzed]. It's given him an instinctive feeling for the disadvantaged," a colleague figures. "His maiden speech in the Senate was a kind of tentative venture in welfare statism—a cautious proposal for a task

force on the handicapped. A Republican circumscribes Dole's moderation (since then), relating its limits to his postwar recuperation: "He's soft on helping people directly, but skeptical of social engineering."

Dole, still a conservative but less so, inflates his right-wing ratings by mixing his votes. A budget committee source regards him as "a contrived political kaleidoscope. He's incredibly skillful, so cynical in a way. He doesn't believe in half of what he does. His most reactionary votes are gestures, issues where he knows he'll lose. When he can make a difference, he often does the right thing. He doesn't believe in a balanced budget as a theological proposition. So he voted last fall for the Budget Resolution Conference Report in committee, where he could denounce high spending and it would pass anyway." Similarly, Dole voted to end the filibuster against aid to New York City, the critical decision, then voted against the aid itself when his opposition didn't matter.

Some critics worry that Dole is too elusive, too clever, too manipulative—that, as one warns, "he'd be willing to do anything for the sake of political survival": like the newspaper ads that smeared his 1974 opponent, a medical doctor, for performing abortions. Another critic objects: "What an irony to see Dole attacking Carter for flip-flops. Dole's just better at the same routine. He's the Muhammad Ali of politics—a real heavyweight who gets away with the most outrageous things."

One reason he does is his hair-trigger sense of humor. One senator would compliment it as "Stevensonian—Dole sees the absurdities—but if I made the comparison, my friends would never speak to me again." Dole's victims often forgive him because they're laughing even while it hurts, or at least shortly afterwards. He derided Carter as "southern-fried McGovern," then told McGovern he hoped he didn't take it personally. McGovern quipped: "I thought it was high praise." It is another saving grace of Dole's humor that the sharpest cuts can be non-partisan. He concocted the acronym "CREEP" for the Nixon reelection operation. Recently, as he left a committee meeting for the White House, he explained: "I've got to go help Jerry pack."

But now he is working on Jimmy. "Already, the first week, we fell into the trap," laments one Carter aide. "Dole turned it into a three-man race—Jimmy versus him and Ford." But is he qualified to be more than a campaigner? "What's qualified?" answers one senator who has seen them all. "Is Carter so qualified? And Ford—in this case, I'll pick Washburn [the law school where Dole went] over Yale." Surprisingly, one senior aide who has dealt with them both concludes: "Dole's every bit as bright as Mondale."

The odds of Ford-Dole are long if Carter holds his fraternal grip on the South's half of an electoral college majority. But Dole does have that habit of winning the close ones. And if he helps Ford pull a Truman, he "will move for 1980 right away," a friend confides. "If they lose but he comes out O.K., like in 1968, then he can try it from the Senate."

An impossible option? No more than Dole's nomination this year, which, the media reported, no one expected. Especially the media. And except Dole, who denied it when anyone bothered to ask but in preconvention interviews described an "ideal" Ford running-mate who sounded suspiciously like . . . Bob Dole. He let it slip once, back in 1972, when he told the Nader Congress Project that he would like to be vice-president the next time. "I know a lot of delegates. And I haven't been to some 250 meetings for nothing." Now he's getting to know 210 million Americans. And he isn't going to all those campaign stops for nothing. ●

The Insider

A strange evening with Nelson Rockefeller

Politics

On the Rocks

Whatever you may think of Bob Dole, here's reason to be grateful that Nelson Rockefeller isn't Gerald Ford's running-mate.

Several prominent Washingtonians are whispering about a recent dinner party performance by the lame-duck Vice-President that might have been a scene from *Night at Camp David*—the novel in which a fictional president goes off the deep end. Rocky seemed dangerously unstable (as well as in his cups) one evening not long before the Republican Convention as he dined with members of a Washington think-tank, including former Gov. Raymond P. Shafer of Pennsylvania and former HEW Undersecretary John G. Veneman, both now on Rockefeller's staff.

Rocky startled the dinner party by his absolute certainty that "Castro killed Kennedy. It must have been an awful thing for poor Bobby to know that it was his assassination attempts on Castro that got Jack killed." What's more, Rocky insistently repeated that "Castro has to be stopped," without indicating how—or what present danger the Cuban leader poses.

The Vice-President also hinted darkly of a conspiracy between African revolutionaries and American blacks, warning that black radicals, having conquered Angola, would go on to take all of Africa and then turn to the United States. Much of Rocky's fire was reserved for Sen. John Tunney (D-Calif.), a prominent opponent of American intervention in Angola. "What will Tunney do," Rocky ranted, "when they're in Los Angeles—wear a dashiki and talk Swahili?"

WHITE HOUSE/BLACK STAR

Rockefeller: will Tunney talk Swahili?

Afterwards, the incredulous guests agreed not to say anything about the evening, though a few have described it to friends. They also agreed they were relieved Rockefeller would be out of office by January and no longer a heartbeat away from the presidency.

Poaching Salmon

One of the year's most interesting campaigns is raging in Vermont, where 34-year-old Scott Skinner is rated a toss-up with Governor Thomas Salmon in the Sept. 14 Democratic senatorial primary. The winner will face Senator Robert T. Stafford in November.

Early on, Skinner told friends he was "a Tom Hayden who can win." In fact, despite a countercultural tinge to his campaign, Skinner's no radical. His big issue is, according to his studies, also the biggest issue with the thrifty Vermont electorate: soaring utility costs. Skinner's pushing the Lifeline concept, which he invented and which would guarantee low-cost basic utility rates. Skinner's long-time opposition to nuclear power (he was the moving force behind Vermont's stringent nuclear safety bill, which all but banned the construction of nuclear plants in the state) has also scored him points. Another popular theme has been the need for a land bank and changes in the inheritance tax structure to preserve family farms and thwart developers.

Salmon, of course, started with a big edge, but he had hidden handicaps. Many Vermonters, liberal or conservative, view him as a bumbler and resent the fact that he reneged on a campaign promise not to increase taxes. He also seems somewhat wanting in desire: one congressperson says Salmon told him that while he didn't really *want* to be a senator, he had to make a move out of the governor's chair this year.

Can Skinner's campaign serve as a model for progressive candidates in other states? Not necessarily. Vermont is so small in population that the winner only needs some 12-15,000 votes—which makes it feasible for a relative newcomer to make himself known just by shaking hands. Skinner thinks the winner's margin may be only 100 votes.

Ready when you are

Anne Armstrong, former counsellor to President Nixon and current U.S. ambassador to Britain, was considered more seriously for the vice-presidential nod than any press account indicated. She was backed by Betty Ford, Republican senior statesman Bryce Harlow, Deputy Campaign Chairman Stuart Spencer and James Lynn, director of the Office of Management and Budget; the moderate Vermont delegation sent Ford two letters backing her. The theory was that, as a Texan, she might satisfy the South and conservatives—and that, as a woman, she might win liberals and independents.

SHELLY KATZ/BLACK STAR

Armstrong: closer than we thought

In the end, according to one Ford insider, the opposition of "those who are really close to the President," like Sen. Bob Griffin (R-Mich.), was crucial. Ford agreed with them that the country isn't ready for a woman veep.

Silver linings

Our rationalization of the month award goes to W. Clement Stone, the wealthy Chicago insurance executive who donated $201,000 to Richard Nixon's campaign in 1968 and $2 million more in 1972. Asked at his seat in the Illinois delegation at Kansas City if he had second thoughts about those contributions, he replied, "No, I'm not sorry, I'm glad I gave to Nixon. Watergate was good for the country. It allowed us to define standards of public morality."

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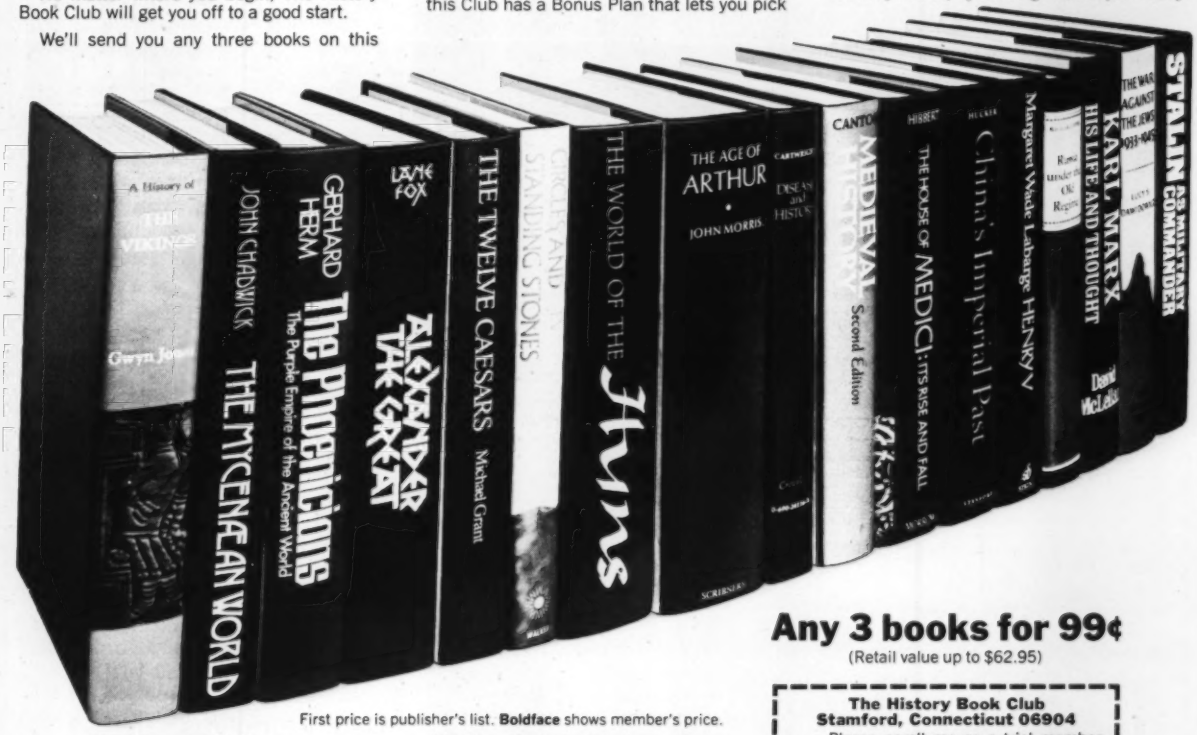

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BB76B

Who killed Dr. King?

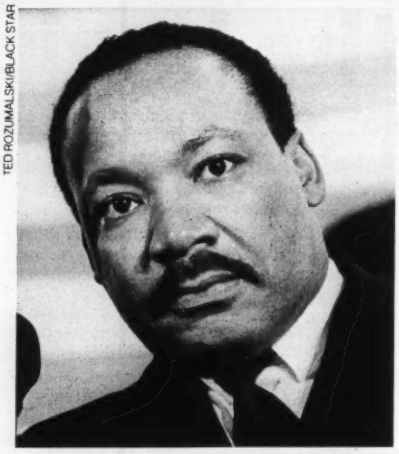
Americans were shocked last winter when evidence surfaced that the FBI under J. Edgar Hoover persistently harassed Martin Luther King, even to the extent of sending him an unsigned letter urging him to kill himself because "your end is approaching . . . you are finished." The suspicion immediately arose that the FBI might have been less than zealous in investigating King's murder—and even that FBI officials might have had a hand in the assassination.

Writing in Washington's *Newsworks*, investigator Mark Lane has now charged that a one-time high-level FBI agent was instrumental in removing potential black witnesses from the scene of the murder *before* the shooting.

The director of Memphis' Police and Fire Departments was then Frank C. Holloman, former FBI agent in charge of the office in Atlanta, where King lived, and for eight years the FBI inspector in charge of Hoover's personal office in Washington. Despite the volatile situation in Memphis, Holloman reduced King's police stationary security from ten men (on a previous visit) to two, based at a firehouse near King's motel. Then, hours before the murder, he summoned from the firehouse Detective Ed Redditt, a black officer who headed King's stationary security at the request of city civil rights leaders. Holloman announced to an incredulous Redditt that a Secret Service man had flown to Memphis to relay reports of a conspiracy to murder Redditt, and ordered him home in the company of other officers. Upon arriving, Redditt heard the bulletin: the man he was assigned to protect had been shot. Two days later, Redditt was allowed to return to work. He told Lane: "What about the contract on my life? . . . I never heard another word about that during the last eight years."

The night before the murder, the only two black firemen at the firehouse had been transferred inexplicably to another post, leaving the station understaffed, *Newsworks* said.

Holloman told Lane he was innocent of any wrongdoing. But these and other better known but similarly bizarre events—plus James Earl Ray's insistent post-trial claims that he did not kill King—are likely to lead to a reopening of the investigation into the murder. After all, it was the FBI that conducted the original investigation. Members of Congress' Black Caucus are privately pressing for a new investigation while publicly claiming they're still making up their minds. Why the low-key stance? Members are said to fear the power of the FBI to block the inquiry unless it is launched properly,



TED ROZUMALSKI/BLACK STAR

King: investigate the investigators

and to fear that, if the case is publicized, potential witnesses might start to disappear—forever.

Seventies

No smoke

The drought in Europe may be getting more press attention, but in this country, at least, the drying up of marijuana supplies is creating greater anxiety.

"Promises! Promises! All I get are promises," moans Stuart, a 30-year-old Boston dealer who only last May was moving more than 150 pounds a week. "I talk to people and they claim to have grass, but when I try to buy more than an ounce it's all gone." Grass supplies usually sputter in July and August, but this summer has been the worst in memory.

In Washington Keith Stroup, director of NORML, a group that lobbies for the legalization of pot, laments that he must now pay $50 an ounce for the ordinary Mexican grass that used to cost $25. The best Colombian and Asian varieties now bring as much as $100 an ounce.

The dope dearth is confirmed by the other side of the law. Sergeant Detective George Peters of the Boston Police Department narcotics unit says there haven't been any marijuana arrests in his city for more than two months. "We haven't been receiving any information," he says, "so we're assuming there's nothing around."

Don't need a weatherman

Elliott Bayly's radio station may have a limited audience, but its power source is nonetheless a unique bridge between alternate energy and modern technology.

KFMU in Oak Creek, Colorado, uses the slogan "Sound of the Wind" for good reason. The FM station is powered by an aging 2,700-watt Jacobs windcharger. Typical of the type used extensively on early American farms, the windcharger provides the sole power to run the transmitter and microwave antenna for the station.

The unique setup is made possible by strong mountain winds and the fact that KFMU's listening area is so concentrated. When the wind dies or mechanical foul-ups occur, the station has periodically gone off the air, Bayly says. But generally the 500 residents of the local mountain valley get FM stereo music in all styles, from 7:00 a.m. to 1:00 a.m. each day.

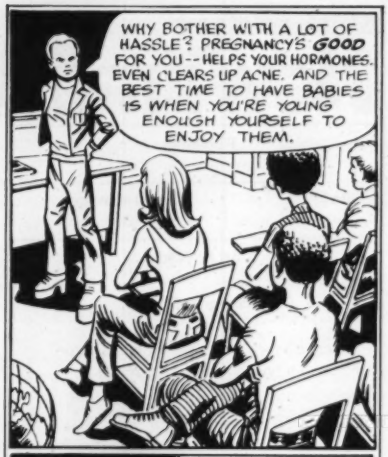
The 36-year-old Bayly, a former Northwestern University electrical engineering teacher, takes it all in diffident stride. "I figured that the wind was there," he says, "and we might as well use it."

Daddy longlegs

What's this? A crafty alien with a mesmerizing voice plans to lure the nation's teenagers into wanton sexual activities—without the protection of birth control? Galloping guacamole! He's going to take the babies to toil as

NANCY PALMER PHOTO

Weighing weed: the dry season


WHY BOTHER WITH A LOT OF HASSLE? PREGNANCY'S GOOD FOR YOU--HELPS YOUR HORMONES. EVEN CLEARS UP ACNE. AND THE BEST TIME TO HAVE BABIES IS WHEN YOU'RE YOUNG ENOUGH YOURSELF TO ENJOY THEM.

Spiderman comics: fighting fertility

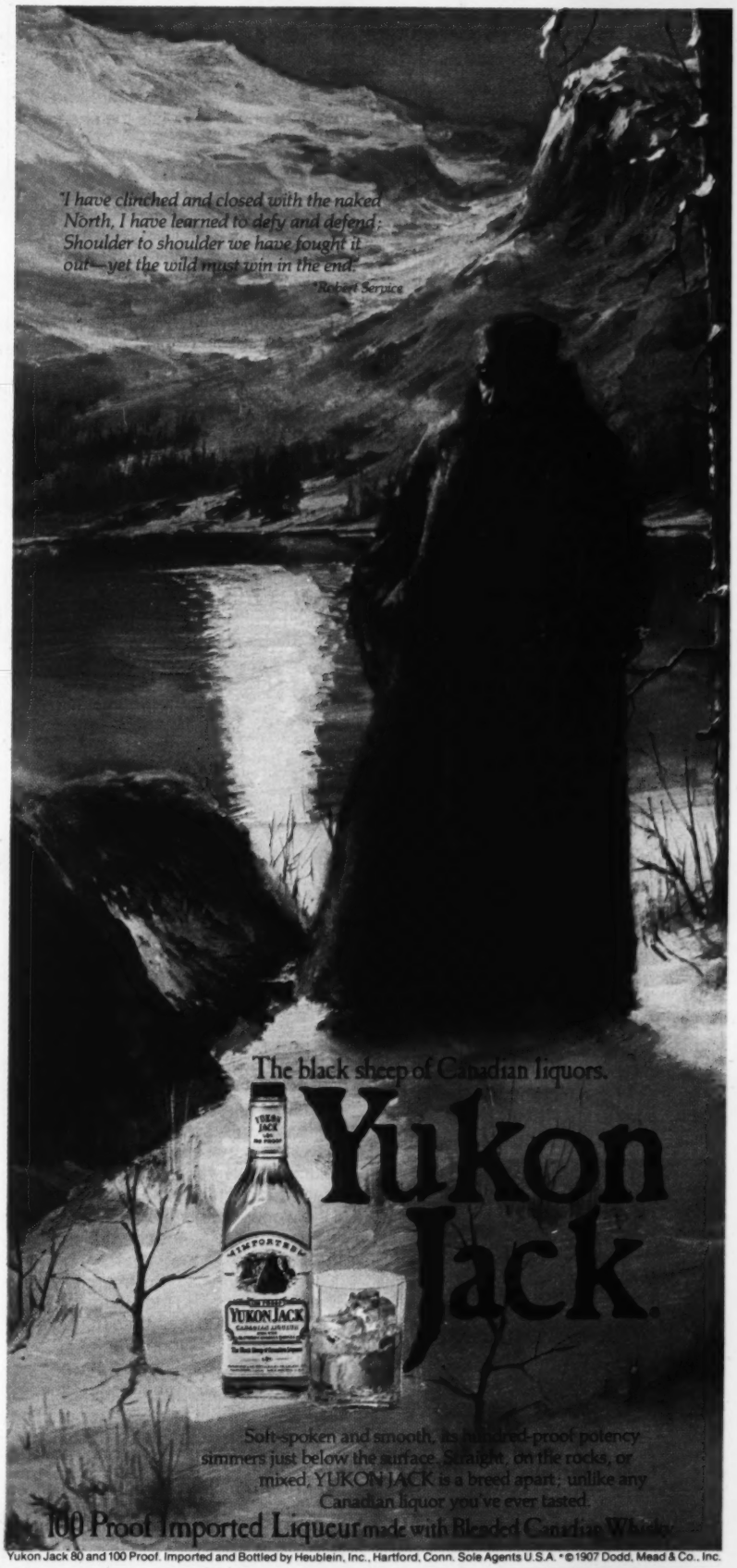
slave laborers on his native planet, Intellectia, in the Andromeda galaxy.

Thank God that Spiderman, the comic-book hero invented by Marvel Comics' Stan Lee, arrives in time to thwart the dastardly scheme. You can read all about it in any of the million copies of a special comic book printed up by the Planned Parenthood Federation for nationwide distribution this fall. Planned Parenthood is hoping that the amazing arachnid can prevent some of the 250,000 babies that they estimate will be born this year to girls 17 and under.

Quickies

Used to be that a pocket beeper or paging device was an accoutrement shared by doctors and ministers—people whose instant availability was a matter of life or death.

But there's another profession in which time is of the essence. Manufacturers of high-priced (around $250) pocket paging devices report a new flock of customers: high-priced Las Vegas hookers. The girls of Vegas are keeping their beepers out of sight—for the sharp-eyed cop, they are as clear a tip-off as hot pants.


"I have clinched and closed with the naked North, I have learned to defy and defend; Shoulder to shoulder we have fought it out—yet the wild must win in the end."
*Robert Service
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Yukon Jack 80 and 100 Proof. Imported and Bottled by Heublein, Inc., Hartford, Conn. Sole Agents U.S.A. *©1907 Dodd, Mead & Co., Inc.

The battle of Los Angeles

A bicentennial revolution against taxation without representation?

Two groups of citizens in Los Angeles County have organized secession movements, responding to recent real estate evaluation reassessments that have hiked taxes sky high. One taxpayer group, in the canyon country north of the city, has placed a secession initiative on the May 1977 countywide ballot. The other coalition—based in the San Fernando Valley, home for almost half the city's 2.5 million people—has begun the slow process of creating a new county of San Fernando. The valley's residents now pay 53 percent of the city taxes but only receive 18 percent of the services, says coalition spokesman R.E. Edwards.

If the dominoes fall, sprawling Los Angeles may soon be cut down to size, surrounded by rich suburbs, gasping for breath like New York.

Mind & Body

A natural narcotic

Over-the-counter sleep aids may not be much help (see page 45), but it seems your body produces the best sleeping pill of all.

In animal experiments at Harvard Medical School, reported in *Scientific American*, physiologists have discovered that during every waking day, the brain manufactures a "drowsy syrup" that promotes sleep at night. Without this chemical inducement, sleep might not occur.

In the study, goats were kept awake for 48 hours while tubes attached to their brains slowly siphoned off a small amount of cerebrospinal fluid. When the fluid was infused into the brains of cats and rats, the animals became abnormally sleepy. A concentrated form of the fluid cut down the nocturnal activity of 20 rats by 63 percent. The researchers are now working to isolate the chemical responsible.

YLLA/PHOTO RESEARCHERS, INC.

Sleepy goat: OD'ing on drowsy syrup

The eyes have it

A Los Angeles doctor says he can diagnose up to 250 diseases simply by scanning the iris of the patient's eye.

Hooking up the ancient Greek and Syrian technique of iridiology with a modern computer, Dr. Harry Rudolph Alsleben magnifies a photograph of the iris, processes it through an optical scanner that can pick out 300,000 pieces of information and feeds the data to a programmed computer. The computer eliminates much of the human error found in traditional iridiology.

Dr. Alsleben says that in medical tests on over 1,000 patients, his iris readings have achieved 90 percent of the accuracy of more complicated and expensive tests such as electrocardiographs and X-rays. "This instrument will probably become the safest, most accurate diagnostic aid available to physicians anywhere in the world today," Alsleben predicted. "The iris is a neuro-anatomical map with 100 reference points, and there is an iridial fiber for every organ of the body."

As his next project, Alsleben is working on a device that would permit the physician to diagnose most diseases by analyzing the alpha resonance of the patient's voice. "Diagnosis in the future would, to a great extent, be accomplished by a photograph, and listening to the patient's voice over the telephone," he predicts.

Shift the fat

Feeling guilty about those ten extra pounds you just put on? Blame it on your mother. Research conducted by a husband-and-wife team at the Columbia University School of Public Health suggests that the heavyweights of the world may have been doomed to obesity by a food shortage during the first six months in the womb.

Dr. Mervyn W. Susser and Dr. Zena A. Stein based their study on the weights of 94,800 men born during the Holland famine in World War II. However, the study showed that a baby who was poorly nourished during its mother's last three months of pregnancy and the first few months of its life tends to become a skinny adult.

Contributors: Mike Edelhart, Paul Engleman, Blake Fleetwood, Larry Frederick, Phil Jordan, Jim Nash, Jane Ross. Tony Schwartz is on vacation.

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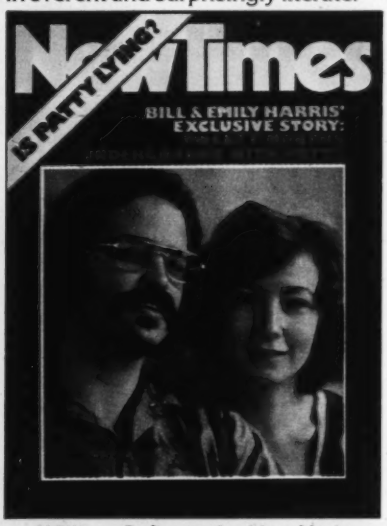

William Safire in the New York Times says we're "the magazine that has an adversary relationship with the world." According to the Washington Post, we're "a new national news magazine of story-tellers." To good old Time Magazine, we're "impetuous."

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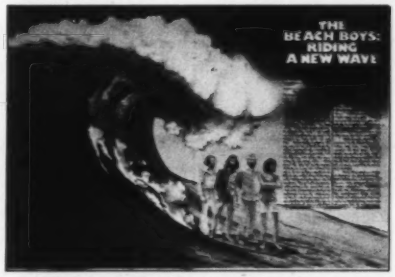
A lot of NEW TIMES stories were firsts. Newsbeats. Scoops. Sure you read about them in other magazines. Afterwards.



We were the first national magazine to reveal the link between the CIA and the Mafia. We were the first to go underground and interview that protean fugitive, Abbie Hoffman. (Among those who wondered how we found him—the FBI.)

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WHILE HORNS AND HOOTERS HONKED, AND THE ENTIRE CONVENTION SEEMED STALLED IN A COSMIC TRAFFIC JAM, REAGAN SUPPORTERS LAUNCHED A FRANTIC EFFORT TO FREEZE TIME BY CELEBRATING THEIR HERO'S NOMINATION. FOR THEM—WHETHER IT'S CARTER OR FORD—NOVEMBER SPELLS DISASTER

BY NORA SAYRE

"We have seen the end..."

The snowy smiles of Brezhnev and Chou En-lai flashed from the convention screen, the delegates applauded politely whenever they were told to regard their President as a friend of the Soviet Union, Richard Nixon promised that "We shall never stain the honor of America," while pundits predicted that much of his second term would be devoted to "party-building." It was thought that both the Chinese and the Russian governments favored his reelection. Meanwhile, many at the 1972 Republican Convention discussed the inevitability of Spiro Agnew's presidential candidacy—"the new Agnew" was pronounced tactful and conciliatory, and no astrologer foretold his reincarnation as a novelist in '76.

The columnists who stressed Nixon's "liberalism"—which some considered a device to unify the GOP—also deplored the programmed behavior of the Republicans and the rigidly scripted nature of the convention. This year, however, cataclysmic conservatism and bursts of anarchy on the floor seemed like reproofs to some who had felt that the negotiations with Peking and Moscow were ripoffs from Democratic ideology and to those who bewailed the boredom of what *Time* identified as "The Coronation of King Richard."

That entire shower of joy—the celebration of a healthy and happy America—was a spectral memory in Kansas City in 1976. Never has our social "fabric" seemed so fragile: today, imperiled by demonic forces that may shatter it from outside or from within, the mere "survival of the nation" is "at stake"—along with its "safety." Yet those who were informed that "America cannot long endure. . ." did not seem hugely heartened by a few who told them "there is still time" to rescue the remains.

Even if the Republicans do win in November, they behaved like losers at their own convention. Although they've occupied the White House since 1969, many exuded a despair that was rather reminiscent of that of the sixties' radicals in 1971—a conviction that the system was rotten but that they had little power to affect it. (But the old New Left was mourning the lack of change in this country, whereas the Republicans of '76 are fearful that so much will change.) The anger and the sadness are shared by both liberal Republicans (as many have noted, they now call themselves "moderates"), who now find much of their party unrecognizable, and by those on the far Right, who felt that the platform was insufficiently conservative—especially on foreign policy—and who were devastated by the loss of Reagan. Yet those who remained in control hardly capitalized on it: denouncing the all-powerful Democrats, Ford himself seemed to have forgotten that he had actually been in office, while Goldwater talked as though Carter had been elected eight years ago. Due to the scrambling of history, the Democratic future was sometimes discussed as though it were the Republican past.

Naturally, the Republican politicians tended to equate the country's future with that of their party. But the alarm of many delegates was unquestionably sincere. Right before the convention, a fervid Reagan supporter from the Bay Area, who had just declared the

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID BURNETT/CONTACT

man "a saint," volunteered that she had been dreadfully upset by a book called *The Counterfeit Candidate*: "It links Governor Reagan with all those awful Rockefeller interests and everything. And if what that book says is true, then our country is lost, it's lost. It's all over—already." Her sense of an America in shreds was echoed by both Ford and Reagan delegates, and reinforced by the speakers, who emphasized that we're in a race with the clock. Goldwater warned that we must "save the last stronghold of freedom on earth," since this "may be the last time" that we'll be able to defend ourselves against "our suicidal slide toward socialism," and confessed to being "afraid." Howard Baker, although straining to hit some positive notes, spoke of such "challenges" as international terrorism, also of "danger" and "torment" and "perils" and "despair." Moreover, the repressive government that is unavoidable under the Democrats generates the unfettered congressional spending that creates violence: "Burning cities . . . riots in the streets."

John Connally—who guaranteed that the Republicans offer "no contrived facade of artificial unanimity" (Murray Kempton murmured, "No, a *sincere* facade")—evoked "tragedies of freedom," "ugly and disturbing reality," and disclosed that "our system is in danger," that "the future may not be all sweetness and light," that "we have seen the end of an era of abundance and affluence." The vile dualities of the Democrats—revealed to him only after some three decades in the party—enable them to "march in lockstep" and to impose "a dull grey cloud of conformity" while their own government runs "amok." Rather magically, the Democrats are both "in control" and also "clearly out of . . . control."

The annihilation of the Pharaohs of Egypt, "the golden age of Greece" and the Roman legions paled against the ruination that threatens America, and Connally hoped that future generations would realize that "up to the very end, we were still trying, up to the very end, we were still reaching beyond our grasp"; in fact, he liked "the very end" so much that he repeated it six times. One could almost hear the rumble of the tanks on the cobblestones and the pitiless thud of boots marching in lockstep, or see the moon gleam on the helmets and the fixed bayonets of the barbarians (or Democrats) who were nearing the Missouri state lines—foes of such magnitude that even Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn might not be able to protect us from them.

On the final night, Reagan caught the mood of his party to perfection when he mused on the letter that he'd been asked to compose for a time capsule that will be unsealed in Los Angeles a hundred years hence. He wondered if "the erosion of freedom that has taken place under Democrat rule" would have prevailed by the Tricentennial, and if "horrible missiles of destruction" would have eliminated "the civilized world we live in." His readers of the next century "might not even get to read the letter at all" if the Republicans "in this hall tonight" should fail to preserve the liberties that their enemies yearn to demolish. Ecstasy greeted his bleak message, and his followers cheered on having their fears confirmed.

On a humbler note, some waning GOP leaders indulged in a brand of self-deprecation that even sadists might not want to hear. Rockefeller's forlorn quips about "my futile quests for the nomination" and about being the bridesmaid but never the bride—"I always wanted to be the groom! But somehow I could never get to the church on time"—drew minimal titters, but could inspire no more confidence among his listeners than Barry Goldwater, Jr's introduction of his father, in which he felt compelled to tell the delegates that "we lost in 1964."

Ford himself seemed to have forgotten that he had actually been in office, while Goldwater talked as though Carter had been elected eight years ago

Equally listless and subdued, neither Goldwater nor Rockefeller sounded particularly interested in what he was saying. Between the flaccid phrases, one had space to remember that at least Goldwater's political character had always been clear, but that it was and is miraculous than anyone could have considered Rockefeller—a hawk on Vietnam who was responsible for reactionary and ineffective drug laws, an adversary of welfare—as a liberal. The haziness of his political identity was illustrated earlier that day, when a Ford alternate delegate from Chicago told me that she wished that Rockefeller might continue as Vice-President, adding, "There was never anything against him but *Oat*icker." Oaticker? "Well, it was some place where either he *didn't* go, and he should have, or he *did*, and he shouldn't have." When she learned that Attica was a prison, and that liberals alone had criticized Rockefeller for refusing to negotiate with the convicts, she shook her head in real bewilderment: "Then he did right. Why can't anybody stand him?" But perhaps there was a clue to the confusion so often dispensed by the Vice-President in a slogan manqué in his speech: "Every problem America faces today is an opportunity!" That concept might be equally well received by a heroin tycoon in Harlem or Louise Day Hicks of Boston, although some Vietnam veterans or the elderly poor might find it difficult to embrace. So might the Reagan supporters who felt that the national girders would collapse if their candidate failed to win the nomination.

A convention is a temporary community, where lifelong intimates and wary strangers, politicians and delegates and reporters and the technical staffs are all woven together for a few days. Whether they like it or not, they share experiences from tedium to tear gas, mutual revulsions or affinities. Usually, a convention distills the current moods and obsessions of at least part of this country—and one can learn a good deal about the concerns of some of its citizens. But that week in Kansas City reflected far more about the present condition and the problems of the GOP than it did about America itself.

This was my fifth convention, and it was far more emotional and much less political than any I've attended since Chicago '68 (when the emotions were political, due to Vietnam). Beforehand, the press had expected that issues like détente and the ERA would "explode" on the floor, but they didn't—only passions and personalities did. Since there were so few differences between the two contenders' positions—even Goldwater had argued that the philosophies of both were "almost identical" when he endorsed the President—conservatives battled conservatives mainly because of their gut-allegiances to each man. Hence a thoroughly valid subject, such as the careful, studied choice of a vice-president, degenerated into the uproar of the voting on Rule 16C, which merely meant losses or gains for Ford or Reagan. Thus an issue became a strategy, and the substance was lost.

According to the *New York Times*, more than two-thirds of the dele-

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Nora Sayre, author of Sixties Going on Seventies, *is currently working on a book about the fifties for Harper & Row.*

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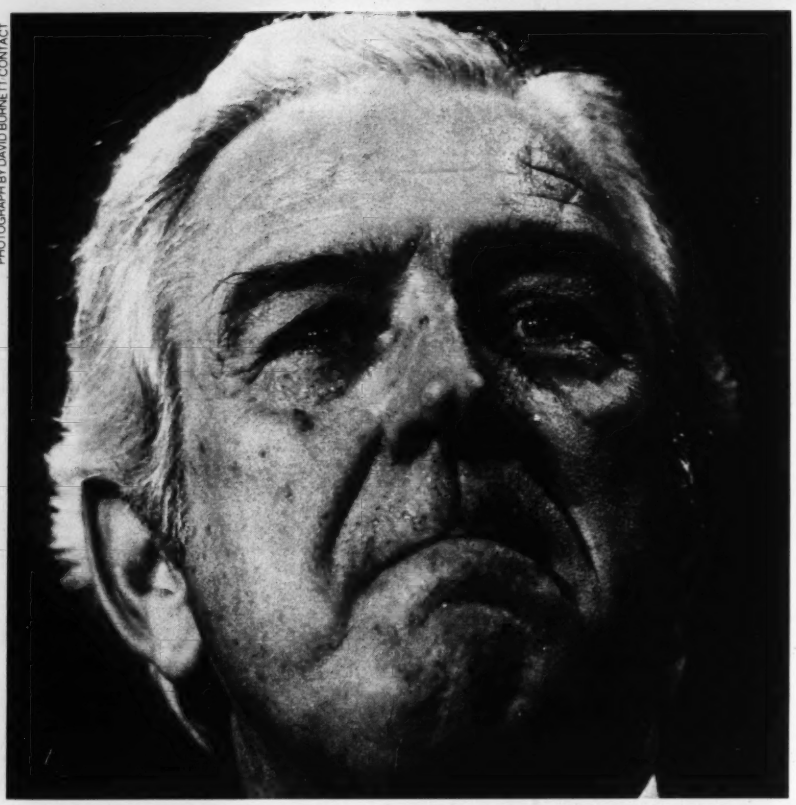

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID BURNETT/CONTACT

John Connally disclosed that "the future may not be all sweetness and light."

gates had never attended any previous national convention—which may explain the apolitical vibrations they gave out. On the *Today* show, John Kenneth Galbraith asked William Buckley why—since Ford and Reagan chimed on so many matters—their followers were so angry at one another. Buckley replied that they were angry at the Democratic Congress. But that didn't fully elucidate the shoot-out mentality of the Reagan troops, some of whom spoke as though Ford (not Carter) were the enemy; an Oklahoma delegate told me on Wednesday, "Only one man will *survive* tonight." Others talked of "winning the war"—against their Republican President.

Mistily perceived as a wicked liberal, Ford seemed to them to carry certain germs that normally infect the Democrats. A couple of Reagan delegates asserted that crime would "go up" if Ford were reelected, because he has been "soft on" it. Pressed further, they moved from the robberies in their own neighborhoods to finally alluding to the Nixon pardon—with a bit of discomfort. Asked to define the major distinctions between Ford and Reagan (aside from their views on the ERA and the Panama Canal), some Reaganites from California burst out with the word "bureaucracy": Ford had promised to reduce it, but he hadn't, and they extolled Reagan for "cutting *every*thing in California," detailing his curtailment of the state budget. Some gleefully quoted John Sears' point that, after two years, Ford has no identity or constituency, and that whoever he picked for vice-president would "color" him, since—as they contemptuously said—he has "no color" of his own. But most of them were conspicuously chilly to Richard Schweiker at the receptions where that reversible turncoat appeared; even when Reagan praised him, there were only small spatterings of applause, and later, outsiders were unastonished when it appeared that Schweiker's presence on the ticket had cost Reagan votes, especially in Mississippi. All along, Schweiker's candidacy seemed about as congruous as Daniel Moynihan contributing to Eldridge Cleaver's legal defense.

The diffuse rage of the Reaganites wasn't orchestrated; another politician might have channeled or directed it, but the Reagan staff was undoubtedly trying to discourage the viciousness that had seethed through the Goldwater convention of 1964. Hence the anger was sprayed about in small shapes of futility, such as the energetic destruction of Ford posters. "Ladies!" shouted the previously reserved young black woman in charge of a women's bathroom at Kemper Arena, where many had flung torn Ford placards through the door and scattered them over the floor. "The *ladies* are simply *not behaving* like ladies!" She gestured at the sea of mangled cardboard. "Put your *trash* in the trash baskets—and I don't care *which* candidate." (Two blue-tinted heads chuckled over a shared wash basin: "I wonder who paid *her*.") At a brunch for Republican women, some were furious because Nancy Reagan was not invited to speak after Betty Ford. One said, "I wouldn't have come if I'd known!" Her friends agreed, and another exclaimed, "I even washed my wig for this. Now I wish I *hadn't*." Her disgust netted some real sympathy: wigs shouldn't be washed too often, and you want to wait for a worthwhile occasion—which a reception honoring the First Lady assuredly was not.

"May we please have order?" officials pleaded, and the gavel clattered helplessly, and the Reaganites' only response was pandemonium from the floor. Horns and hooters honked, whistles squealed, until we all seemed to be stalled in a cosmic traffic jam, while middleweight bodies pranced and bopped in a winding chain through the aisles. At eye level, the twitching rumps of delegates dancing on chairs sometimes obscured the view of waving fists and jiggling signs attached to enough sticks to thrash a multitude. "God Bless America" was played again and again as a lullaby to calm the middle-aged—which it did not—and the music failed to make a poultice for the wound of noise. "May we please have order?" They had no respect for their own authorities—and certainly not for Robert Dole, who ruptured a blood vessel in his right eyeball during his exertions for silence. The uproar expanded during Jacob Javits' speech, from the moment when he spoke of his young aide who had been killed only the week before by a Palestinian terrorist's grenade in Istanbul, and throughout his depiction of the privations of the poor and the unemployed. While Javits talked of suffering, the Reaganites honked and some Ford delegates hollered, "Hey Betty!"

The earliest rumpuses appeared to spring from the Reagan camp's frustration, plus their hostility toward the Ford delegates, although parts of the demos had been planned, and also served to keep Ford's nomination and his speech off prime television time through some of the country. But the ultimate cacophony was like a frantic effort to freeze time: when they celebrat-

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Images of a Pyrrhic victory: Reagan supporters bespattered the candidate; disillusioned delegates; and a lame-duck Kissinger.

ed Reagan's nomination, most seemed to sense that there would be nothing to celebrate later. The horns and their own vocal cords emitted the same sounds for wrath or rapture. A Texan screamed at the nearby New York delegation, "If we fought the Civil War today, we'd win!" His friends broke into the Rebel Yell, an elderly man patted my head with his Reagan banner, crooning, "Thank the Lord, he'll save us from Ford," and large paper airplanes fashioned from Reagan posters hurtled through the air. The Texans, seated just below the President's family, sometimes chanted, "Four more months," and Jack Ford drenched them with confetti when his father was nominated.

"May we please have order?" The howling and honking accelerated until one began to feel rather sorry for the howlers—while realizing that they would have been hideous in victory. A Kentuckian editor said, "I don't blame them; I backed Stevenson in '52." Some Reagan delegates—for example, the Texans—seemed closely akin to the Wallace audiences of the late sixties, and it would be educational to know how many of them had backed Wallace. Later, when Reagan had lost, many wept without inhibition, and it's still worth wondering if some will manage to force themselves to vote in November—unless Henry Kissinger undergoes a brisk autumnal decapitation.

The Republican women have traveled a long way since 1972, when they seemed grateful simply to be allowed to participate in their own convention and what was called "Womanpower" clearly meant influencing your husband and they were told that "Martha Washington was no Women's Libber." But even then, despite the Nixonian efforts to confine them to such subjects as the environment and consumerism, they had pushed a strong child-care plank into the party's platform—even though Nixon himself had opposed it. By '76, they were far more aware that many women have professions. The feminists in the Republican Women's Task Force, an affiliate of the National Women's Political Caucus, were extremely well organized in their rugged and successful struggle to protect the plank supporting the ERA. However, they didn't want abortion mentioned in the platform, contending that it was a "personal"—not a political—"matter of choice." But they failed to delete the anti-abortion plank. (I kept wishing that someone would quote Ayn Rand's August 11 letter to the *New York Times* in which she led off her re-

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30 PROOF AND READY TO GO

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sounding rejection of Reagan with: "Since he denies the right to abortion, he cannot be a defender of any rights.") Yet there were right-to-lifers in both the Ford and Reagan camps. Obviously, many conservatives would like to limit abortions to women whose rapes by black or Hispanic lunatics were followed by bouts of German measles.

Of course, there were also quite a few women delegates who—although friendly to the ERA but cautious of saying so—could also cheerfully insist that they "had never been discriminated against." For them, the idea of relying on either equal or unequal pay was utterly remote. And for those who most ardently oppose the ERA, you now hear less about bisexual toilets and more about how husbands will weasel out of supporting their wives if the ERA is ratified. The ERA would "destroy all the rights of women," one of its antagonists told me, "and Betty Ford has *no right* to endorse it." (Since we were at an Illinois tea where Ms. Ford was expected, she tactfully wore a six-inch DANGER ERA badge over her Reagan button.) Eyes sparkling with indignation, she explained that the 1964 Civil Rights Act "took care of everything: women *have* equal pay, equal everything." Others with cups full of Lipton joined us to agree that the ERA would deny them Social Security after their husbands' deaths, which is a fiction. But quite a few do strum on the notion of impoverishment in widowhood; suddenly, the air was peopled with dead husbands: the collective demise of even very young men became a fantasy to brandish against the ERA.

The fiercest of these women appeared to be in her mid-fifties; her enamel bracelets and her elegant red linen shift did not suggest poverty. But as she railed against an imaginary law that she claimed had just been passed in Colorado—which would require women to provide half of their childrens' support or spend a year in jail and pay a $500 fine—her voiced dropped and there was a flash of quiet honesty: "You see, I have never worked." The plight of a person with no skills or training, who had always been supported by a spouse and for whom depending on a job was inconceivable, came through most powerfully.

Even before The Kids Next Door, a small band that accompanied a frenetic dance group at the Young Americans for Freedom's reception for Youth for Reagan, had worked their way back from "Rock Around the Clock" to jitterbugging and then to the Charleston, it was clear that time-traveling would be abundant at this convention. Rewriting the past, rinsing themselves of Watergate, many politicians reckoned on the short memories of the public. Ford was hailed for achieving peace in Vietnam and on the campuses; the evil Congress wasn't blamed for voting against further military aid for the Thieu regime, and no one seemed to know that most students have been politically numb for at least four years.

Drinking in the oratory, you realized that Carter has already deprived you of your next collection of Saint Laurents, your yacht, your Mercedes, your retreat in Antigua—although these deprivations were hardly measured against groceries or rent. Yet Carter's current success is also due to having "stolen" the principles of the Republicans; Baker said that the Democrats are "trying to sing our song." (But the speakers had too much delicacy to compare Carter to Nixon, as William Safire has done, or to bring up the fact that Carter urged Agnew to stay in office three weeks before he resigned.) The contradictions thickened as Baker equated history with hypocrisy, then urged us to forget the past and also to learn from it. His evocation of Watergate as a batch of "dusty old skeletons" prompted the thought that there's still plenty of flesh on those bones. Later, the Yalta Treaty was blasted as though it had been signed last month, and the Republicans even attacked the 1972 campaign positions of George McGovern. Still, they muffed the opportunity to link the Ford presidency with the Bicentennial, although the Democrats had taken lavish credit for it at their own convention, where some had sounded as though they were personally responsible for the birth of the nation itself.

A Texan screamed at the nearby New York delegation, "If we fought the Civil War today, we'd win!"

Republican language and imagery were a bit racier than in 1972, when Nixon claimed that his record was "not something to stand on" but "something to build on"—which did sound rather like quicksand. When Chairman John Rhodes intoned that the Democrats were "part of the problem, not part of the solution," he was perhaps innocent of his debt to the Black Panthers, and when Goldwater unfurled a garbled paraphrase of Lincoln Steffens ("I have seen the future . . ."), he may not have known that he was borrowing from a devout fellow traveler aglow with the inspiration of Soviet communism. Meanwhile, certain phrases were codes for the not quite mentionable: Republican feminists called defending abortion "being prochoice," Reagan spoke of "sincerely uncommitted delegates" (his closet supporters) and the platform referred to "the voluntarily unemployed" (probably as a rebuke to anyone who cited the decline in black employment). "Personal worth" meant private income, not moral rectitude—as when the vice-presidential possibilities were asked to submit statements about their finances. James Buckley got involved with doors and water; when he announced that—although he had never been a candidate—he was withdrawing from the presidential turf, he said that he had nonetheless wanted to keep "the door open," not to "close" or "shut" or "slam" it. His intention had been merely to "sample" and "test the water," and he proclaimed his passivity throughout. A reporter ejaculated, "How can you withdraw if you've never penetrated?"

Rhodes also exhibited a rare souvenir of Nixon, when he called Congress "a pitiful, helpless giant" that, despite its voluptuous power, is still unable to "act." (Most Republicans in Congress—except for Rhodes himself—must have left the convention convinced of their own uselessness.) But, in the name of individualism, most of the speakers stressed that Americans are so capable of "governing themselves" that it seemed almost frivolous for the Republicans to seek reelection. Governor Robert Ray of Iowa said, "It isn't government that is going to improve your future, it is you—individualistic you." And among the most memorable metaphors was Ford's pronouncement that "truth is the glue that holds government together." But perhaps it hardly matters what is said during a convention or a campaign. Although some who are now reexamining the fifties believe that Eisenhower's first victory was partly propelled by his promise that "I shall go to Korea," Henry Steele Commager recently observed that Eisenhower would have won if he'd said, "I shall strangle my grandmother."

While the air went out of the elephant—a 55-foot plastic symbol that was supposed to float over Kansas City but failed to remain inflated—those days in August were riddled with more childlike behavior than I've seen at five conventions. Infinite adults became toddlers in

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NewTimes
IT SOUNDS AS GOOD AS IT LOOKS!

Kemper Arena: small wonder that they seemed to know or care so little about the intricacies of government. When Governor William Milliken of Michigan weakly praised "the spirit" of the screechers on the floor, saying that it showed how well the Republicans were going to win in November, my neighbor in the press gallery thought that it was rather like saying that a rapist would make a splendid lover. After Rockefeller had been booed harshly on Tuesday night, I was watching closely for his reactions when the North Carolina delegate barred his way with a vast "This Is Reagan Country" sign, thrusting it into the grinning face. Rockefeller swung up his arm, knocking the thing from the man's hands; then he crumpled it. Once the Utah delegate had torn out New York's telephone to the Ford trailer, the scarlet pate of the enraged Richard Rosenbaum, chairman of the New York delegation, blazed like a danger sign in a tunnel, but soon Rockefeller was toying with the instrument as though it were a Creative Plaything.

Then I was questioned intently by security forces who were desperate for witnesses. Uncertain as to whether Rockefeller had been assaulted, less informed about events on the floor than thousands of others, they were so agitated that they referred to the Vice-President as "the Governor" several times. And indeed security seemed lax compared to that of conventions past. A Texas delegate had been allowed to bring in a six-foot pair of longhorns labeled "Reagan," which would have ranked as formidable weapons in '68 or '72. (And those who searched my satchel didn't even check to see if three large nectarines were bombs.) Given the nursery school volatility of the whole gathering, it was odd that the grownups in charge didn't exert more care—although they did ban the 2,000 brooms that the Congressional Reform Committee had purchased so that delegates might wave them aloft when Rhodes was introduced, to remind the public that the Democrats should be swept out of Congress.

Nixon had more balloons. Apparently, 1976 was a year for frugality. Right after the first nominating speech for the President, when some attached the beach balls made in Taiwan to the plastic sausages that descended from the ceiling, and the air was briefly filled with flying phalluses for Ford, I recalled the far greater exuberance at Miami Beach, where no one could doubt the total triumph of Nixon and Agnew, or that their future was permanently secure. Despite the prolonged cheers for Ford's robust speech, there was a parallel to the outbursts for Reagan: it was as though many were trying to savor the sensation of strength, as though the evening were a substitute for winning in November. After all, it had been Reagan's convention, not Ford's; the Californian's "psychological victory," as the press called it, was mirrored in the selection of the vice-president, and Reagan's grip on the platform seemed as firm as that of the leghold traps equipped with semicircular jaws, which an animal welfare organization was protesting near the arena. And although many Americans are in a fairly conservative mood, the Republicans didn't appear to have captured their confidence. While quite a few compared Ford to Harry Truman—in terms of a surprise election—others began to mention the fate of Thomas E. Dewey. A sense of loss filtered through the week, and the Stop Stassen buttons weren't funny.

After the last session, when hundreds of taxi-craving delegates massed on the curb outside the arena, I mingled up and down the long stationary line for almost an hour, but heard no conversation about the convention or the President or his speech—its impact hadn't lingered. Those with Ford buttons were not jubilant, and many delegates stared silently at the skyline, exchanging matchbooks or cigarettes but very few words. Even the final spectacle wasn't discussed, beyond some observations that Cary Grant was wonderfully well preserved and that it would be nice to look like that at his age, and there were little flurries of irritation at young men who were still trying to sell Reagan T-shirts—"Buy a collector's item!"—while some asserted that it's the New Yorkers who won't wait their turn and always grab the cabs. There were complaints about the geography of Kansas City and condolences for those who'd had to stay in Topeka, 65 miles away, but it was repeated that the Missourians had been very pleasant, and some expressed gratitude that the convention hadn't occurred in Manhattan. Once more, I encountered the woman who had regretted washing her wig: now she had removed her Reagan button and was planning a quiet vacation in Canada with her family. But no one in that lengthy human chain spoke of the week just gone or of the campaign to come or of the strategies that might be appropriate to their states or cities. Many said that it would be good to get home, to unpack, to settle down again, to get some rest. ●

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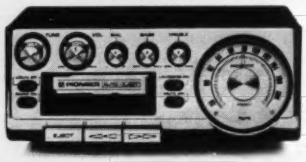
"I TESTED OUR NEW FM CAR RADIO IN A HOLE."

by Steve Tillack

I never thought I'd get sentimental over a mule, but if it wasn't for Sugar's cool head and sure foot, I wouldn't be here today.

This little adventure actually started when Pioneer began wondering what would happen if they designed an FM car stereo to high fidelity standards.



Well, they turned their engineers loose on the project and now, after two years of research and testing, the Supertuners are here. Four of them. With built-in cassette or 8-track.

They have a 1.8 dB capture ratio to grab elusive signals. 12 dBF useable sensitivity for less noise. Muting to cut out that garbage between stations. And a local/distance switch to pick up what you do want and block out what you don't want.

With something this special, you gotta dream up a special test. So we took a Supertuner to a place where reception is really rotten.

The Grand Canyon.

Right on the rim, 65 miles from the nearest FM station, Supertuner sounded like it does in a showroom.

The other models we brought along were rattling off static and background noise.

Even at 75 feet below the rim, Supertuner was still sounding great.

I can't give you test results for other spots along the trail because we ran into a blizzard with 50 mile-an-hour winds and I figured it was curtains for all of us.

Now I'm absolutely convinced of two things.

Supertuner by Pioneer is the best line of car radios ever built.

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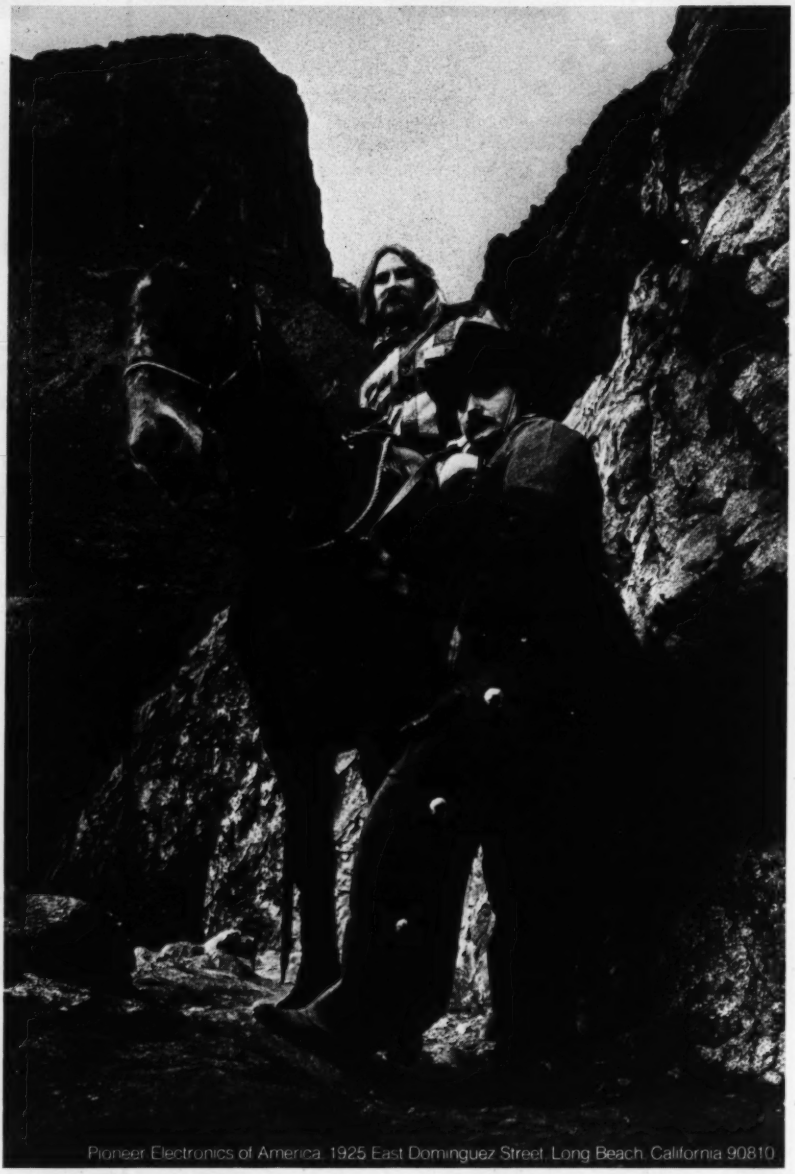


Pioneer Electronics of America, 1925 East Dominguez Street, Long Beach, California 90810

THE PIONEER SUPERTUNERS

ILLUSTRATION BY ED ZIMMERMAN

BEAT THE PUNDITS

New Times 1976 Election Year Follies

In the last issue, we paid final tribute to the punditry of the primaries—to Hubert Humphrey's nomination, Ted Kennedy's candidacy, the deadlocked Democratic Convention and the automatic Ford victory at an unexciting, uncontested Republican Convention. In this issue, we are offering our readers the chance to outguess the press at its favorite political game—which is not reporting issues, but predicting the outcome of elections. The most prescient pundit wins $100; the ten runners-up will receive a year's subscription to *New Times*.

The rules are quite simple: answer the following 17 questions, clip the page and send it postmarked by September 25, 1976, to Beat the Pundits, New Times Magazine, 1 Park Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10016.

As they say on the SAT's, LSAT's, MCAT's and GRE's, please read all questions carefully; then, as they don't say in those "quizzes," guess to the best of your ability.

Circle the correct answer, or answers.

1. **The first Gallup polling during October will show:**
(a) Carter by 15% +
(b) Carter by 10–14.9%
(c) Carter by 5–9.9%
(d) Carter or Ford by less than 5%
(e) Ford by 5–9.9%
(f) Ford by 10–14.9%
(g) Ford by 15% +

2. **The following newspapers will endorse Jimmy Carter:**
(a) *New York Times*
(b) *San Francisco Examiner*
(c) *Boston Globe*
(d) *Chicago Daily News*
(e) *Washington Post*
(f) none of the above

3. **The Gallup Poll after the last Ford-Carter debate will report that:**
(a) 60% + think Carter won the debates.
(b) 60% + think Ford won.
(c) 50–59.9% think Carter won.
(d) 50–59.9% think Ford won.
(e) less than 50% think either man won.

4. **Which of the following events will occur during the campaign, but after September 25:**
(a) Gerald Ford will mention Richard Nixon by name in a prepared speech released to the press.
(b) Walter Mondale and Robert Dole will have a face-to-face debate on national television.
(c) Jimmy Carter will miss church on Sunday.
(d) Gerald Ford will change campaign managers.
(e) *Rolling Stone* will officially endorse Jimmy Carter.
(f) Betty Ford will debate Rosalynn Carter.
(g) none of the above.

5. **On election night, Walter Cronkite will declare the winner for the presidency:**
(a) before 8 p.m. EST
(b) before 9 p.m. EST
(c) before 10 p.m. EST
(d) before 11 p.m. EST
(e) before midnight EST
(f) after midnight EST

6. **What percentage of the electorate will vote for president this year?**
(a) less than 40%
(b) 40–44.9%
(c) 45–47.9%
(d) 48–50.9%
(e) 51–55%
(f) 56–60%
(g) over 60%

7. **The winner's percentage of the popular vote will be:**
(a) Carter with more than 60%
(b) Carter with 55–59.9%
(c) Carter with 50–54.9%
(d) Carter with less than 50%
(e) Ford with more than 60%
(f) Ford with 55–59.9%
(g) Ford with 50–54.9%
(h) Ford with less than 50%

8. **Gene McCarthy as an independent candidate will win:**
(a) less than 1% of the popular vote
(b) 1–2.9% of the popular vote
(c) 3–4.9% of the popular vote
(d) 5–6.9% of the popular vote
(e) 7% or more of the popular vote

9. **The margin of electoral votes between the winner and the loser for president will be:**
(a) 25 or less
(b) 26–100
(c) 101–175
(d) 176–250
(e) 251–325
(f) 326–400
(g) over 400

10. **Gerald Ford will carry the following states:**
(a) Florida
(b) Delaware
(c) Kansas
(d) Iowa
(e) Virginia
(f) Pennsylvania
(g) none of the above

11. **Of the 11 states of the Confederacy, Jimmy Carter will carry:**
(a) all of them
(b) 10
(c) 9
(d) fewer than 9

12. **The Democratic Party will win the following number of seats in the House of Representatives:**
(a) more than 325
(b) 300–325
(c) 290–299
(d) 280–289
(e) 260–279
(f) less than 260

13. **Which of the following incumbent senators will be reelected?**
(a) John Tunney (California)
(b) Lowell Weicker (Connecticut)
(c) Vance Hartke (Indiana)
(d) J. Glenn Beall, Jr. (Maryland)
(e) Joseph Montoya (New Mexico)
(f) James Buckley (New York)
(g) William Brock (Tennessee)
(h) Harry Byrd, Jr. (Virginia)
(i) none of the above

14. **There will be a change in the Ford Cabinet before the election.**
True or False

15. **Richard Nixon will say publicly that he is voting for Gerald Ford before the election.**
True or False

16. **Jimmy Carter will be reported swearing again (as in: "I don't have to kiss his [Kennedy's] ass").**
True or False

17. **The Gallup Poll at some point will say voters prefer Robert Dole over Walter Mondale for vice-president.**
True or False

Fill in the blanks.

Tie breaker #1: The winner's number of electoral votes will be ____

Tie Breaker #2: Amy Carter will miss ____ days of school between September 26 and November 2.

Tie Breaker #3: Any further ties will be settled by the flip of a coin.

ILLUSTRATION BY JEFF ZIMMERMAN

An army of 119 experts has spent four years and amassed 14,000 volumes investigating non-prescription drugs for the FDA. The emerging conclusion: at least half the ingredients are of dubious value—or have been proven to be worthless

By Daniel Zwerdling

NON-PRESCRIPTION DRUGS—THE ULTIMATE CONFIDENCE GAME

The altar of over-the-counter drug remedies, hundreds of them, is stretched before me on the shelves of my neighborhood pharmacy like a corporate Lourdes—drug industry miracles for victims of the sniffles and the sneeze, the stuffy nose and the cough, the achy head and the stubborn bowel, the bloodshot eyes and the restless sleep.

There is a rainbow of brightly colored cold capsules such as Contac, with its "600 'tiny time pills,'" and Bayer Decongestant Cold Tablets for "fast relief." Red cough potions such as Robitussin to "get it off your chest." There are Dristan nasal sprays to spritz a hundred nostrils, and Sominex for the city, "a tough place to get to sleep"; "gentle" Ex-Lax pills; "twice as fast" Bufferin and shrinking Preparation H . . . .

These nonprescription remedies are the foundation of America's self-medication empire, up to 500,000 different products generating, according to the FDA, at least $3.51 billion in sales every year—an empire so vast that even the federal government doesn't know precisely how much is sold. But according to 14,000 volumes of evidence amassed in the files of the Food and Drug Administration in Rockville, Md., the folks snapping up many, if not most, of these OTC remedies—you and your friends among them—are the victims of a gigantic medical hoax.

Since 1972, more than 100 leading medical researchers, physicians and pharmacologists, who have been recruited by the FDA to independently study the remedies, have been pouring through every shred of evidence the OTC drug

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE PHILLIPS

industry could provide on virtually every OTC drug ingredient on the market. Their emerging conclusion: at least half the drugs are worthless or of dubious value, and some may be harmful. Most of the products are labeled with misleading claims, and many are advertised with bold lies.

All those antihistamines that you swallow in practically every cold medicine to relieve sneezing and runny nose? "There appears to be little valid evidence," the FDA investigation has concluded, "that antihistamines have any effect on the common cold." Those Sominex tablets the commercial swears will help you sleep? "We could not find one sleep aid on the market," says Dr. Karl Rickels, the chairman of the Sedative, Sleep-Aid and Tranquilizer Panel, "whose ingredients we concluded effective." The shark liver oil and yeast derivative to help "shrink swelling of hemorrhoidal tissues" in Preparation H? "We have found no convincing evidence," reports Tom DeCillis, one of the panel administrators, "to show that these ingredients work."

"You're going to see some massive changes in the drug industry," predicts Robert Pinco, director of the overall investigation being conducted for the FDA. "Virtually every single product is going to have to be reformulated or relabeled in some way—and some brand name products will be completely removed from the market."

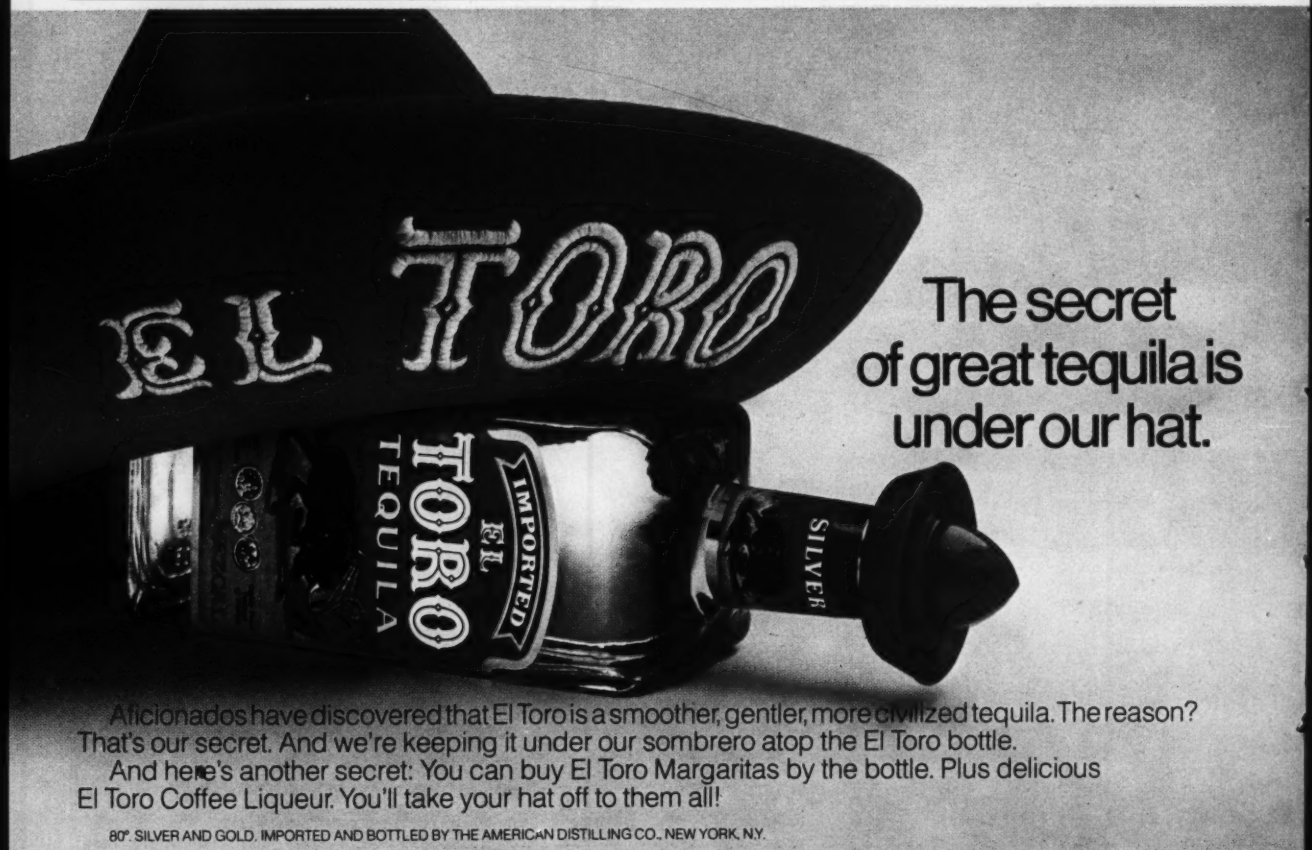
None of my friends believes it. "You're crazy," one laughs when I tell him the evidence suggests his favorite cold capsule has little pharmacological effect. "Studies or no studies, all I know is I've been taking it for ten years whenever I get a cold, and it helps a lot."

But here lies a secret of the OTC drug industry's fabulous—if often deceptive—success. My friend, like millions of other OTC drug believers, is a living example of the "placebo effect," the medical phenomenon which dictates that, at least 30 percent of the time, people will swear a sugar pill has performed wonders for their ailment *merely because someone told them it would.* And the drug industry's massive advertising campaigns—major OTC producers spend at least $400 million on network TV spots each year—keep telling consumers, about 50 times a day, that medically ineffective products will really work.

If you are one of the consumers who now believes that all the cold capsules and tablets and elixirs and ointments relieve your miseries, perhaps you should not read on. Once you learn the truth about many of these medicines, the placebo response—lifeblood of the OTC drug empire—may not work for you anymore.

Over-the-counter remedies have been a crucial part of the drug industry for more than a hundred years; in fact, until the 1930s, few drugs were sold by prescription. Scandals about OTC drug quackery have plagued the industry just as long—the American Pharmaceutical Association first called for an investigation of OTC remedies back in 1852.

Despite the drug industry's penchant for advertising popular products as "new" and "modern" and "the latest thing," most of the drugs on the market have been around for years, even centuries. A dusty 1918 textbook, *The Dispensatory of The United States of America*, notes that Dr. John Helvetius "received from Louis XIV a large sum of money and public honors" for peddling a special cough potion to Paris salons in the 1600s; you can buy the same "remedy" today—ipecac fluid extract, which comes from a Brazilian root—in Romilar-CF 8-hour cough formula, sold by the $100 million Block Drug Company. After 300 years, FDA investigators conclude that "there are no acceptable clinical studies to substantiate" that ipecac helps a cough. The FDA warns that it is "not



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safe" and can cause "nausea, bloody stools, vomiting and cramps."

But repackaging old ingredients in new bottles means bigger profits for the drug companies. Industry giants such as Bristol-Myers, Richardson-Merrell (Vick), American Home Products Corporation (Whitehall Laboratories), A.H. Robins and Upjohn aren't interested in spending the millions required for developing and testing new drugs. The entire OTC industry probably spends less than $1 million each year developing new OTC ingredients, according to Milton Silverman and Philip Lee, formerly top drug experts at the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. On the other hand, a single corporation may spend ten times as much on researching new shapes and colors for its pills and new marketing techniques. Although OTC manufacturers have flooded the market with hundreds of new products in the last few years, they have marketed less than a dozen significant new drug ingredients since 1960.

Most Americans assume that the FDA has given every drug on the market its seal of approval. But the fact is that until the current investigation, the FDA had reviewed almost none of the drugs used in the hundreds of thousands of OTC products to determine whether they are effective and safe. Although the federal government passed a law in 1938 requiring manufacturers to prove their drugs safe, Congress didn't demand that drugs on the market actually work in accordance with the manufacturers' claims until it passed the Kefauver-Harris amendments to the Federal Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act in 1962. The law followed in the wake of the thalidomide tragedy and congressional investigations that highlighted the shabby state of testing in the drug industry. But when it came to OTC drugs, the FDA ignored the law.

Notorious for protecting the drug industry more vigorously than regulating it, the FDA decided to take action after it asked the National Academy of Sciences to survey more than 400 OTC drugs between 1966 and 1969. The NAS concluded that 75 percent of the products flunked the safety and efficacy test. In response, the FDA finally launched its own review—a magnum opus with 119 leading physicians and scientists, all recruited from outside the federal government, taking part in 17 separate panels, trying to resolve whether the ingredients in antacids and analgesics, sedatives and stimulants, cough and cold products, dentifrices and contraceptives, antiperspirants, laxatives, eyedrops, hemorrhoid ointments, sunburn lotions and all the other dispensable tools for modern living are really safe and work as the manufacturers claim they do. It's an enormous task, and the FDA expects some of the panels to be toiling until 1978.

News of the panels' discoveries has trickled out: some manufacturers withdrew the antiperspirant zirconium from their aerosol sprays when the antibacterial panel concluded it causes bronchial and respiratory distress. Sales of Alka-Seltzer, the best-selling antacid since Depression days, plunged 14 percent, according to *Advertising Age*, after the antacid panel confirmed that the aspirin in the fizzing tablets can cause stomach damage to consumers most likely to take them for "upset stomach."

But none of the panels' recommendations is likely to cause the repercussions that can be expected from the findings in a 900-page volume drafted last March and released by FDA Commissioner Alexander Schmidt this month. The report represents the findings of the Cold, Cough, Allergy, Bronchodilator and Antiasthmatic OTC Drug Products Panel. It concludes, in effect, there is little or no evidence to prove that most of the drugs on the $700 million cough and cold remedy market really work.

"You're going to see some massive changes in the drug industry," says the director of the study for the FDA. "Virtually every product is going to have to be reformulated or relabeled"

"But for aspirin and a few other exceptions, I would ban almost every cough and cold product sold today," says Dr. Sol Katz, a member of the NAS investigative team and director of the pulmonary disease unit at Georgetown University Medical Center. "I would just wipe out the whole market."

Consider Contac, king of the cold capsules. The manufacturer, Smith-Kline Corp., proclaims Contac as "the most successful selling cold medicine in the whole world." The National Academy of Sciences investigation was already declaring Contac and similar cold capsules "ineffective as a fixed combination" back in 1966, and three years later an FDA medical officer was urging his agency to ban Contac from the OTC drug market because "sufficient problems exist with respect to safety as well as efficacy." Except for its decongestant, the evidence suggests that the ingredients in Contac don't help a cold.

Take Contac's antihistamine, chlorpheniramine, which is added "to reduce sneezing, excessive nasal discharge, and itching of the eyes." The drug industry has put antihistamines (such as chlorpheniramine and pyrilamine) in practically every cough and cold product—from Dristan and Alka-Seltzer Plus Cold Tablets to Triaminicol Cough Syrup—ever since a few poorly conducted studies in the late 1940s suggested that antihistamines could abort or at least relieve the symptoms of a cold. But the FDA panel's conclusion that antihistamines actually do nothing for cold symptoms shouldn't come as any surprise. Back in 1959, *The Medical Letter*, the highly reputed professional newsletter that often identifies useless or hazardous drugs long before the FDA, declared that antihistamines in Contac and other cold pills are "in many patients, perhaps most . . . of no value." And the NAS investigation panned the use of antihistamines in cold medicines ten years later: "No alleviation . . . of symptoms of colds," the NAS reported.

After selling antihistamines to relieve cold symptoms for 30 years, the FDA cough and cold panel said, the industry could produce "only two" well-controlled studies on their use—and both "failed to substantiate claims for effectiveness" to "prevent or relieve the symptoms of a cold."

The FDA panel noted that antihistamines *do* help relieve symptoms caused by allergies, which often mimic the runny nose, sneezing and itching of a common cold virus. But most of the antihistamines on the market are sold for colds, not allergies. (Contac commercials entreat consumers to "give your heart to your love, give your cold to Contac." Some ads don't even mention allergies.)

And the evidence accumulated over the years suggests that the antihistamines in Contac and other cold remedies are not only ineffective at relieving cold symptoms but also may be hazardous. Antihistamines commonly cause drowsiness, the panel warns, so although the ads tell you to "stay home, or take Contac," driving around town on a cold

Daniel Zwerdling, a free-lance writer in Washington, D.C., writes frequently on consumer issues.

Is relief just a swallow away?

Does Bufferin really "put much more pain reliever in the bloodstream sooner"? Is Bayer truly "proven effective, gentle to the stomach"? Does Anacin actually deliver "fast pain relief"? The FDA's analgesics panel won't complete its report until at least the end of the year, but it's already coming up with some answers.

Although Bufferin does dissolve faster than many other brands of aspirin, the investigators can't find any good proof that it helps you *feel better* faster—so the implication is probably hokum. And no aspirin, Bayer or otherwise, has ever been proven gentle to stomachs. The panel does believe that the buffering chemicals added to Bufferin tablets may offer a little bit of protection to a minority of consumers especially sensitive to aspirin, but there's no evidence to suggest that they'll protect your stomach significantly better than plain aspirin on a full glass of water. And forget the stuff about especially fast relief. There is no acceptable evidence that the caffeine added to Anacin, Vanquish and Excedrin—about half of that in a cup of coffee—will help the aspirin relieve your pain any faster.

Of course, none of this should come as a surprise; the prestigious *New England Journal of Medicine* was debunking the ad claims of high-priced brand name aspirins back in 1958. The emerging conclusion of the FDA's panel: buy some cheap aspirin instead.

pill is the last thing you should do. Take more than the recommended dose of cold pills, and the antihistamines may also cause dizziness, blurred vision, nervousness, irritability and other side effects.

On the label Contac also boasts about its "special antisecretory agent to reduce . . . running nose." But the agent is a compound of belladonna derivatives such as atropine sulfate, and "atropine appears to be ineffective," the FDA investigation has concluded, "in the treatment of excessive secretions of the nose associated with the common cold."

Finally, what about Contac's decongestant "to reduce swelling in tissues of the nose" and "help drain nasal passages"? The evidence at the FDA suggests that most of the decongestants in the products you swallow—such as phenylpropanolamine in Contac and phenylephrine in Bristol-Myers' 4-way Cold Tablets—will actually relieve your stuffy nose for a few hours. (However, the panel stresses that "there are no well-controlled studies documenting" that ephedrine—the decongestant in Ny-Quil—will help unclog your nose.)

But the oral decongestants, called sympathomimetics, more than most OTC drugs, commonly produce disturbing side effects, from nervousness, dizziness and sleeplessness to difficulty urinating, especially among men with prostate problems. One of the most serious side effects is that if the decongestant works well enough to constrict the membranes in your nose, it will also constrict the blood vessels throughout the rest of your body. So if a person with high blood pressure swallows those decongestants, says FDA pharmacologist Dr. Heinz Sorer, it's "like dousing a fire with gasoline." "We see patients who have hypertension," says Dr. Sol Katz, "who take one of these cold tablets and develop significant tachychardia [rapid heartbeat] and headache and other symptoms. The oral decongestants," he warns, "are a potential hazard."

If you just can't live for two days with a stuffy nose, the nasal decongestants sprayed right in your nostrils will give you temporary relief—without the disturbing side effects that may come with the oral versions. But, the FDA panel warns, don't spritz that nose for any longer than three days or the congestion will strike back even worse, and

"They're witches' brews," says a former Vick researcher about OTC cough products. "I wouldn't recommend them to anyone"

chronically too. It's called rebound congestion, and once you get it, you're hooked on the sprays. Drug companies have known about this phenomenon for years, but they haven't warned consumers. "Have I ever seen rebound congestion? These patients come in every day," says a physician at a Public Health Service outpatient clinic in Washington, D.C. "They tell me they can't breathe through their nose, even though they're spraying not three times a day but three times *every hour*. They're like addicts," he says. "It keeps getting worse."

Perhaps the most dubious products on the cough and cold market are all those potions for the cough—the expectorant medicines such as the best-selling Robitussin, which the label promises will help "loosen congestion so you can cough it up and get it off your chest." You're relying on expectorants whenever you take a swallow of Coricidin Cough Formula or Vicks Formula 44 or Pertussin Wild Berry Cough Syrup and all the others.

"While the expectorants have been traditionally used," the FDA cough and cold panel asserts, "there is little or no evidence to document" that they help loosen a cough—similar to the NAS findings seven years ago. Among the most widely used expectorants is glyceryl guaiacolate, also known as guaifenesin, which is one of the potions with the most evidence against it. The label on Robitussin, produced by A. H. Robins—the same company that produced the Dalkon Shield—hails guaifenesin "a remarkable expectorant drug." But the FDA investigators report that "there are no well-controlled studies documenting" that the expectorant actually works. Some studies show it works no better than a placebo, and one study that *does* show *some* effect indicates that the drug won't begin to relieve your cough until you've been gulping up to twice the usual daily dose for ten days. That's too late: if your cough hasn't already cleared up within a week, the investigators warn, "consult a physician."

"Most of these cough remedies are based on the polypharmacy of 100 years ago," says Dr. Sol Katz. For instance, one popular expectorant on the market is ammonium chloride, which, according to the 1918 *Dispensatory*, "originally came from Egypt where it was obtained by sublimation from the soot resulting from the burning of camel's dung." The ingredient is used today in Coricidin Cough Relief Formula, Triaminicol and Pertussin 8 Hour Cough Formula, even though "there are no well-controlled studies documenting the effectiveness of ammonium chloride," the FDA investigators report. A product such as Block's REM contains, in addition to ipecac, such exotic ingredients as squill (an herb that is also sold as rat poison), tar, white pine, plants such as horehound and lobelia, and South American tolu—chemicals that the FDA investigation concluded have never been proven helpful for a cough. Many leading cough medicines since the Civil War have contained chloroform—note the Cheracol, Pertussin and Dristan Cough Formula labels—which the FDA banned recently after the National Cancer Institute disclosed it causes cancer in laboratory animals. Manufacturers are still selling out

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their stocks of chloroformed medicine on the pharmacy shelves. The FDA investigation, incidentally, concludes that chloroform "is not effective" for treating coughs.

Are there *any* ingredients on the OTC drug market that will help a cold or a cough? Aside from the nasal decongestants, the only currently marketed drugs the FDA investigation has stamped with its seal of approval are the cough suppressants (called antitussives), codeine (which the panel warns "may cause or aggravate constipation") and nonnarcotic dextromethorphan. Dr. Francis Lowell, chief of the allergy unit at Massachusetts General Hospital and chairman of the FDA cough and cold products panel, recommends one of these medicines "if you're kept awake at night by a dry cough."

But here's the problem: it is almost impossible to buy a drug to decongest your nose or suppress a nagging cough unless you simultaneously assault your body with a "shotgun" combination of up to eight other drugs at the same time. Buy Vicks NyQuil and you're taking a decongestant and an antihistamine, neither proven useful, plus the cough suppressant dextromethorphan and an analgesic in a 50 proof alcohol base. Take Dristan Cough Formula and you're in effect raiding your medicine cabinet for a decongestant and an antihistamine, three dubious expectorants, including cancer-causing chloroform, a cough suppressant and a 24 proof base. As in many cough potions, the intended effects of the expectorant and the cough suppressant appear totally contradictory—and unless industry can prove otherwise, the FDA investigators want the combination banned. "They're witches' brews," says Dr. Donald LaBrecque, a former director of clinical research at Vick Chemical Company, who now practices medicine in a New York City ghetto clinic. "I wouldn't recommend them to anybody."

Manufacturers argue that shotgun combinations offer consumers convenience, in case they suffer multiple symptoms at the same time. But researchers outside the industry agree that combination medicines, which account for over 90 percent of the market, are shabby medicine. "Gobbledygook, garbage, nonsense," Dr. Katz calls them. "Poor practice," the NAS declared. "Irrational," concluded *The Medical Letter.*

"Most doctors I know prefer to prescribe a single drug," says Dr. Lowell. "It just doesn't make sense for a consumer to have to take several drugs at fixed doses for several different symptoms which the consumer may not even be suffering."

Even those tiny time pills are a medical flop. The companies say they'll "give you continuous relief for the next 12 hours." In fact, the FDA investigation has concluded that the technology of manufacturing time-release pills is unperfected. The tiny pills dissolve at different rates in different people, and at different rates from hour to hour in the same person. The result is often that they either dissolve so slowly they exert no effect or so fast that you get a whopping and hazardous 12-hour dose in a fraction of the time.

"Remember, of course, that a cold is a self-limiting ailment," says Dr. Lowell, reflecting in his office at Boston's Mass General. "The symptoms of a cold vary hour to hour and day to day. Even if you take medication to relieve them, they will clear up spontaneously, on their own. So when people take a tablet that promises it will relieve all their cold symptoms, and a few symptoms do clear up, they attribute it to the pill. Yet there's no way you can really tell whether it was the pill or not.

If FDA officials decided to enforce the current federal law, they would ban most OTC drug products tomorrow

"My reaction when I get a cold," says Lowell, who must be one of the world's experts after immersing himself in the data for the past four years, "is I don't take any of them. I just let Nature run her course."

If FDA officials decided to enforce the federal law—and the recommendations made by the National Academy of Sciences and other researchers over the years—they would ban most over-the-counter drug products in your neighborhood pharmacy tomorrow. The 1962 Food, Drug and Cosmetic law demands that any drug "shall" be banned—*shall,* not may—if "there is a lack of substantial evidence that the drug will have the effect" the manufacturer claims it does. And cough and cold remedies aren't the only drugs that flunk such a test (see sleep-aids box).

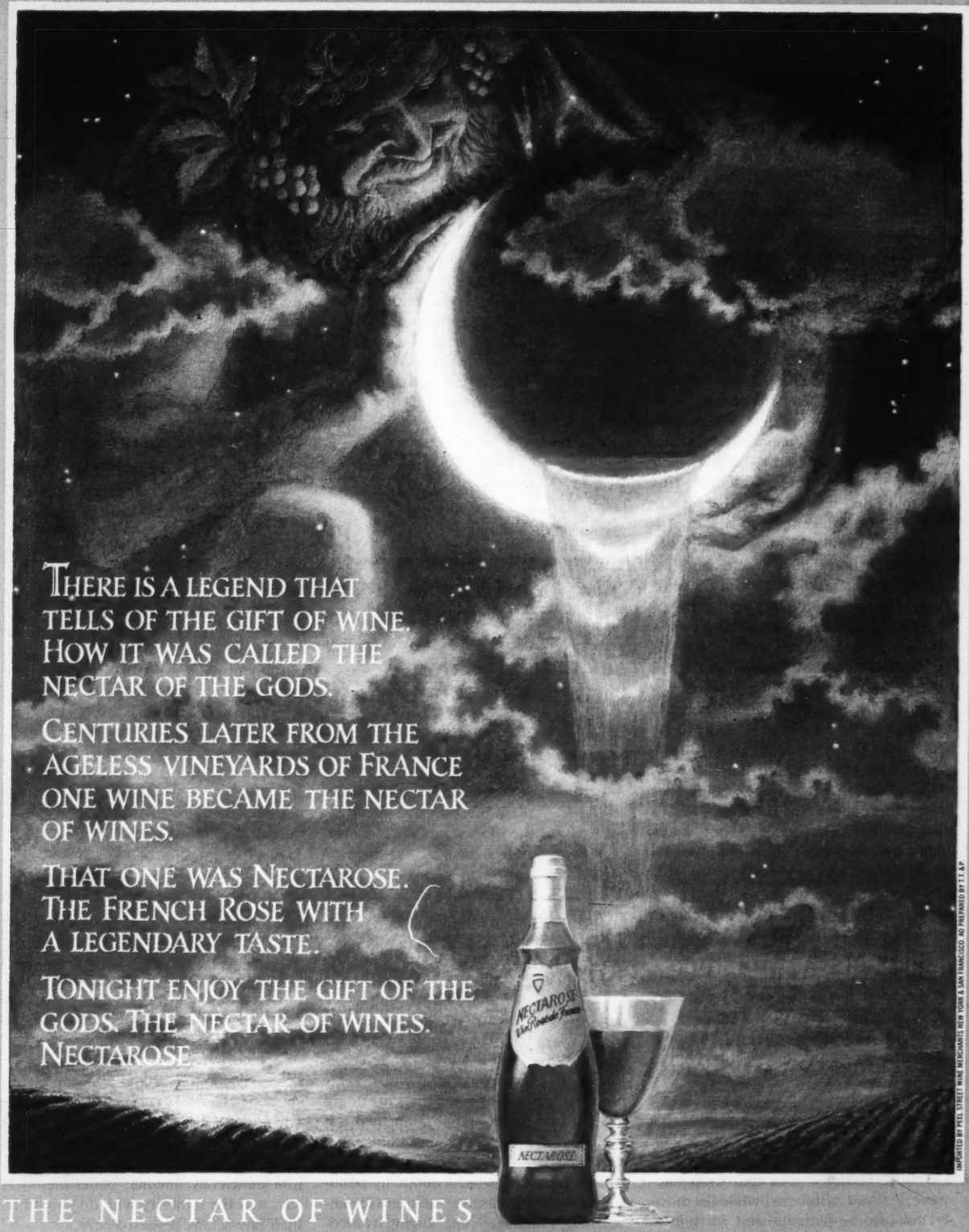
But FDA officials have been manipulating the findings of the "independent" scientific panels in order to allow the drug companies to stall taking their unproven products off the market. FDA attorneys have told the panel investigators that they cannot recommend banning any drug unless they have positive, conclusive proof that the drug is harmful or ineffective. That's a much stricter test for banning a drug than the federal law requires—mere "lack of substantial evidence" that the drug really works or is safe. If the drug industry can't provide good evidence that the drug works or is safe, FDA attorneys have told the scientists, they must protect the product in a sort of limbo, tailor-made for the drug companies: the panels must declare the drugs *not* proven safe, *not* proven effective, yet allow industry to continue advertising and marketing the products for up to five years or longer while its researchers feverishly try to prove that the drugs really work.

Scientists on the sleep-aid panel voted overwhelmingly to wipe off the market the whole class of daytime "sedatives" such as Compōz: "the panel finds no evidence of benefit from OTC daytime sedatives," the investigation concluded flatly. But it backed down under FDA pressure and agreed to give the industry three years to try and muster some proof. "I don't think medical opinion had anything to do with it," says Dr. Karl Rickels, chairman of the panel. "It was a legal decision."

But FDA officials exerted their most intense pressure after the cough and cold panel insisted on banning every shotgun combination on the market—in other words, almost every product sold today—unless industry could produce solid evidence that every single combination is safe and effective.

"It would be a revolution in the pharmaceutical world," says chairman Dr. Francis Lowell. But that was the kind of revolution the drug industry—and an obliging FDA—was unwilling to make. FDA officials called a closed-door session of the panel—ostensibly an "independent" research committee, according to FDA Commissioner Schmidt—and pressured the investigators to accept the agency position. "It was a very, very drug-industry oriented policy," says one panel participant. Its upshot is that the OTC industry will continue selling most shotgun combinations of three different drugs and keep marketing combinations with four or more drugs while it conducts further testing.

Why should OTC drug manufacturers get still another chance to vindicate their products after failing to prove they work for decades? "Some of these products are up to 150 years old,"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FDA's Robert Pinco says, "and I think giving them another year or two for more testing is not unreasonable." But Pinco paints an incomplete picture. "The whole point of the 1962 law—and it seems almost comical to talk about it—was to ban drugs which are ineffective," says Dr. Sidney Wolfe, co-director of the Ralph Nader-associated Health Research Group. The companies knew they needed good evidence in 1962 yet failed to produce it, knew they needed good evidence in 1966 for the NAS review but failed to produce it, knew they needed evidence when FDA launched its review in 1972 but failed again to produce it. "Here we are 14 years later," says Wolfe, "and FDA is still saying the companies need another chance to prove these drugs work. What's the harm? The only harm is defrauding the public."

It's always possible, of course, that the OTC drug manufacturers will suddenly come up with proof that their most dubious products are effective (for example, the makers of expectorants claim that they haven't been able to provide well-controlled studies simply because they don't have the technology necessary to measure the thickness of cough sputum and the frequency of coughs). But after years of failure, it is not likely. Ironically, the FDA's Pinco himself predicts that "probably 80 or 90 percent" of the drugs in limbo will disappear from the market, simply because "it won't be worth it economically to the companies to do the required expensive research."

"I'll tell you why the companies haven't produced the research," says Dr. Donald LaBrecque. "They know damn well they can't show the products work. When I was at Vick, we found that no matter how hard we tried, we couldn't show that Vicks VapoSteam [a conglomeration of menthol, camphor, eucalyptus oil and alcohol, ingredients which the cough and cold panel says have never been proven effective] was any more beneficial for a cough than plain steam itself. I attempted to play Chinese mathematics with the results, but I couldn't show it. And I remember one meeting where staff people were stitting around saying how Vicks NyQuil helps you sleep. 'Horseshit,' I told them. 'There's no good work that shows that.'

"I couldn't take that crap anymore," says LaBrecque, while his mostly low-income patients wait for him in his New York office. "People like that in the OTC industry are hucksters, ad men," he says, "not medical men."

If the top men in the corporate headquarters of the OTC drug industry are worried about the future of their business, they're not showing it. Industry officials talk about the FDA investigation as an inconvenience. And whether you talk to spokesmen at Robins, Richardson-Merrell, American Home Products or SmithKline, the reaction is similar. They're "disappointed" that the FDA panels have challenged the effectiveness of so many popular OTC products—after all, years of industry research and "overwhelming consumer acceptance" provide "almost overwhelming evidence" that products on the market really work. The investigators on the FDA panels, industry officials explain, have clouded their heads in academia and don't get enough contact with patients. They demand all sorts of rigorous, carefully controlled clinical studies that don't give any weight to what the consumers say.

"If you find that a product works for you, then you *know* it works," says James D. Cope, president of the industry lobby, the Proprietary Association. "We don't think we should have to go back and reinvent the wheel to prove the obvious." But if the FDA wants the industry to "waste limited medical resources" performing those studies, Cope says, that's what the FDA will get. Spokesmen at AHP, Robins and SmithKline claim that their companies have new studies that vindicate Preparation H, Robitussin and Contac beyond any possible doubt, but so far it's an unfulfilled promise. "If they've got them, we haven't seen them," says the FDA's Tom DeCillis.

"If you find a product that works for you, then you *know* it works," says the president of the drug industry lobby

While the FDA investigation continues to chop away at popular OTC products, the major companies *are* doing at least one thing: stepping up their advertising. As the cough and cold panel shattered the myth of expectorants, Robins launched what a company publication calls a "massive" nationwide advertising campaign, repackaging its medically unproven Robitussin like a Cracker Jacks box offering "free" cold capsules and a 15¢-off coupon inside. As investigators in effect scorned the worth of 4-Way Cold Tablets, Bristol-Myers boosted its total ad budget $18 million, to a staggering $150 million per year. According to *Advertising Age*, the Schering-Plough Corporation, beleaguered by FDA reports blasting Coricidin cold pills and St. Joseph cough potions, doled out more free color TVs, typewriters and luggage than ever to obliging pharmacists who agreed to peddle a specified amount of its products.

OTC drug corporations pour more money into advertising than just about any other industry in America. General Foods is an extravagant advertiser, spending 7¢ of every dollar in sales promoting its foods—more than any food manufacturer in the nation. But leading OTC drug manufacturers commonly spend from 15¢ to 30¢ per dollar of sales on ads. In fact, for every dollar you spend on Dristan Tablets, the American Home Products Corporation takes a staggering 35¢ to fuel the product's $12 million annual ad budget. For every dollar you spend on Anacin, AHP ads cost 41¢, according to *Advertising Age*.

Many of the FDA panel investigators would like the drug corporations to tell consumers the truth in advertising, and consumer representatives such as the Health Research Group and even President Ford's special assistant for consumer affairs, Virginia Knauer, support them. Members of the cough and cold and sleep-aid panels, for example, say that if the FDA is going to allow companies to perform more testing on questionable products, the companies should attach a special note on the package lables—"Warning: this product has not been demonstrated to be effective to the satisfaction of the FDA." Federal Trade Commission officials were thinking about requiring OTC drug advertisements to carry that warning—until the FDA told them to forget it. The FDA was worried, says David Bickart, Federal Trade Commission deputy assistant director for national advertising, "that this kind of disclosure could have a very dramatic impact on the ability of the companies to sell their products."

Track star Wilma Rudolph claims she swigs Geritol every day—"shouldn't you?"—but the Vitamins and Minerals Panel says the answer for most Americans is, in effect, no. Few adults suffer iron deficiency anemia, panel members say, and the minority who do should let their physicians suggest a cure.

Marion the librarian swears that Ex-Lax pills are "gentle" yet somehow neglects to tell her friend that researchers consider the drug in Ex-Lax, phenolphthalein, the least desirable kind of

Will they put you to sleep?

Cough and cold remedies aren't the only OTC drug market that may be decimated by the FDA panel reports. The panel investigating sleep aids and daytime sedatives such as Sominex and Compōz have threatened to ban virtually every product from the market—unless the manufacturers can deliver some convincing proof. A study by researchers at the University of California's Sleep Research and Treatment Facility in Los Angeles found that two Sominex tablets had "no favorable effect whatsoever" on patients with mild insomnia; if anything, in fact, Sominex may have increased the time they stayed awake. And the panel chairman, Dr. Karl Rickels, concluded in his own study that patients with mild to moderate "anxiety" would do just as well on a sugar pill as on a Compōz.

Some ingredients in the best-selling products are positively harmful, the panel concluded, and should immediately be banned. Miles Nervine still includes the old-time Civil War drugs called bromides, even though the dosage level in the pills, according to the sleep-aids panel, are pharmacologically useless; at an effective dose, bromides begin to cause side effects from bad acne-like rashes to confusion and "maniacal excitation." Almost every major product on the market—including Sominex, Sleep-Eze and San-Man—contains scopolamine. At recommended doses (.5 milligrams) the drug does nothing to help you fall asleep, FDA panel members say, and at only slightly higher levels (over .6 mg) the drug can cause hallucinations and even delirium. In fact, the panel noted that some patients who have taken too much scopolamine have been "committed to a psychiatric institution" with "a mistaken diagnosis of schizophrenia." And as Dr. Anthony Kales warns, taking an overdose of this drug is easy; when two Sominex pills don't work, insomniacs try a double dose instead.

"The only medication that the panel felt may have a promise—*may*—to allow patients to go to sleep faster," says panel chairman Rickels, "is the antihistamine methapyrilene." Most sleep aids on the market already contain the drug but at ineffective levels, and even if future studies do prove methapyrilene effective, the panel says, the drug will likely be of some value only at from two to four times the currently marketed dose. Even then the pill won't be an OTC product to rave about. "The drug might help you fall asleep faster, *maybe*," Rickels says, "but I don't think it will keep you asleep." If consumers take a few too many pills, the evidence suggests, they could begin to suffer some unpleasant side effects, including dizziness, blurred vision, frequent urination and, ironically, insomnia. Take the pills for more than a week and they may cause other problems. Former FDA Commissioner Charles Edwards, testifying before a 1971 Senate hearing on sleep aids, warned that taking methapyrilene suppresses the crucial rapid-eye-movement phase of sleep. When you stop taking the pills, the r.e.m. phase will rebound and you will suffer nightmares and be frightened into taking still more pills to fight them. "In some individuals a psychological dependence can thereby be created," Edwards warned.

laxative on the market. "It sort of poisons the lining of the colon," sometimes causing itching, burning and blistering, says Dr. Nicholas Hightower, a nationally reputed gastroenterologist and chairman of the FDA laxatives panel. "Beyond the recommended doses, it would have a definite hazard."

"Self-medication is the cornerstone of this nation's entire health care system," says James D. Cope, the OTC drug industry spokesman. True: self-medication is crucial, but not necessarily in the form of OTC drugs.

To listen to a Sominex commercial, you need a drug "when you take more than 15 minutes to fall asleep." "What's this great fear of sleeplessness?" asks Dr. Anthony Kales, chairman of the department of psychiatry at Pennsylvania State University. "Everyone experiences sleeplessness now and then, and there's nothing wrong with it." The laxative industry tells consumers that bowel "irregularity" demands laxatives. "Absolutely not true," Dr. Hightower fumes. "The industry has contributed to gross abuse of laxatives. Only if you're having less than three bowel movements per week should you consider yourself constipated."

And the way the cough and cold remedy manufacturers tell it, anyone who has sniffles or a sneeze needs pills to get by. Incredibly, 20 percent of the consumers who buy cough and cold remedies think the potions will *cure* their colds, according to a 1973 FDA survey, even though the collective genius of the twentieth century has never learned how to prevent, abort or cure colds.

There's a school of thought in the medical industry which argues that placebos are a good thing. Even if many or most OTC drugs don't work pharmacologically, the philosophy goes, they do work actively in many people as placebos. And as long as they are relatively safe, what's the harm in selling them? The harm is that the drug industry placebo—the ever-present pill—keeps consumers blinded to the fact that they can relieve their minor ailments and discomforts more effectively on their own. That's true self-medication.

Can't fall asleep? Dr. Kales and other sleep specialists say you can treat mild insomnia effectively by getting regular exercise, routinizing your sleeping habits, avoiding anxious chores before bedtime (such as paying bills), skipping those cups of coffee, even reading a good book in bed and drinking the proverbial cup of warm milk. "Sure warm milk will work," says Dr. Karl Rickels, "if you really believe in it."

If you are truly constipated, simply change your diet: "eat more fiber like whole wheat bread, bran flakes and leafy vegetables," says Hightower. "Get an adequate fluid intake, and—this is very important—when you get the urge to have a bowel movement, respond to it. Do your laxative shopping in a grocery store, not the drugstore."

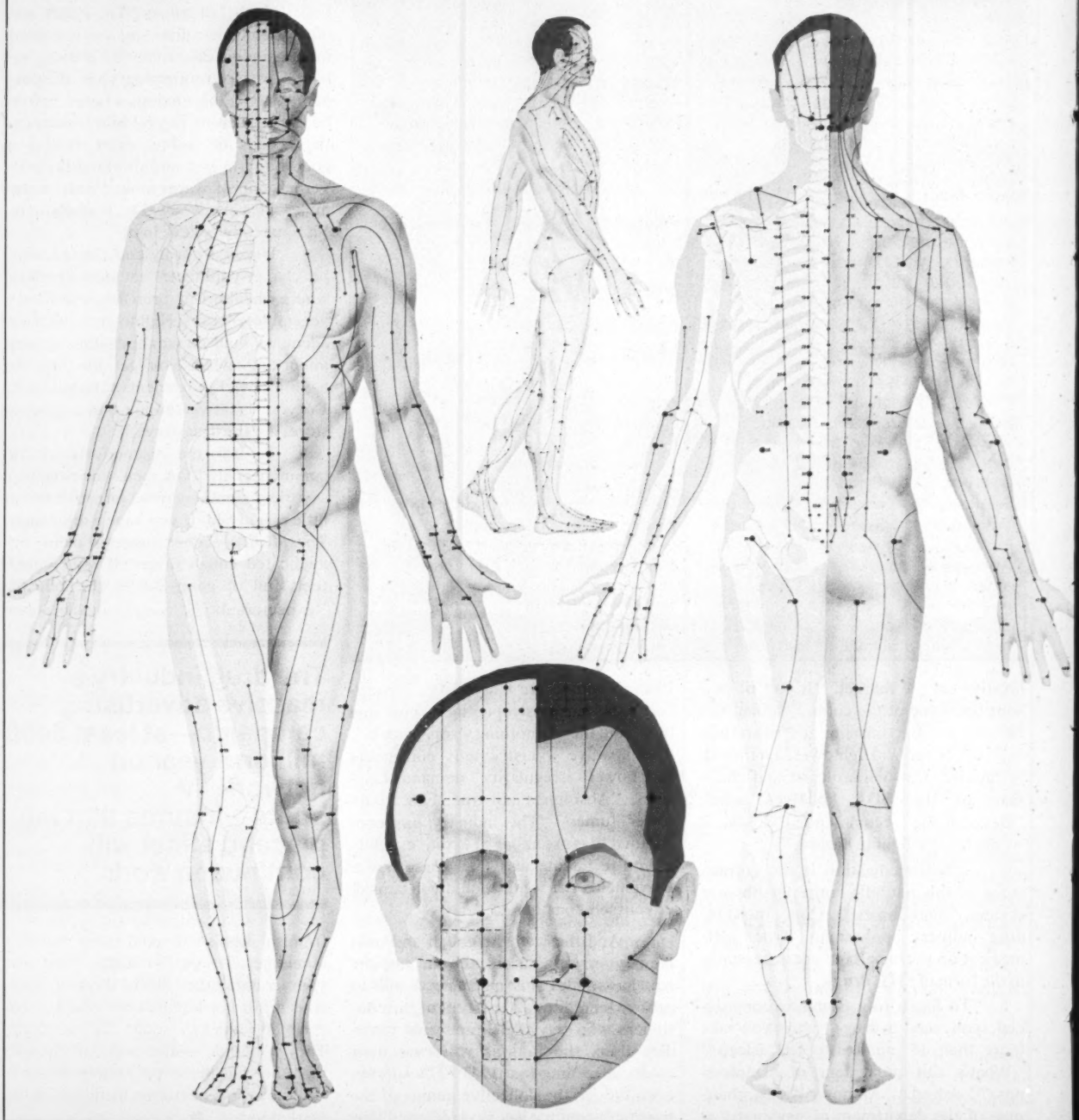
As for the discomforts of the common cold, FDA panel investigators say there's nothing more effective than a little rest in bed. If you have a dry cough, *The Medical Letter* suggests plain, unmedicated cough drops. If your cough feels full of goop, forget the industry "expectorants." "Simply inhale steam from a kettle or cold mist from a humidifier," says Dr. Katz, "just like your grandmother did in days of yore. And drink hot liquids—hot tea, hot cocoa, hot chicken soup, hot anything. They'll be far tastier and far cheaper than the so-called expectorants. Water is still the best expectorant medicine on the market today."●

The drug industry's massive advertising campaign—at least $400 million a year on network TV spots—insures that the placebo effect will continue to work

SHIATSU: ACUPUNCT

With devotees such as John Lennon, Jackie Onassis, Muhammad Ali and Rudolf Nureyev, the Japanese massage technique that stimulates the body's acupuncture points is the latest of the Eastern disciplines to soothe Western souls

By David Black



RE WITHOUT NEEDLES

Shizuko Yamamoto walked up my spine. When she probed with her big toe into the space between my second and third lumbar vertebrae, she said, "You have kidney trouble."

I had awoken that morning with a kidney ache.

"It is hard here," she said, poking her toe into my spine. "Tight."

She did a two-step on my back, coming down hard with her right foot, jabbing that tensed spot. Jin Yu. Bladder Meridian point number 23. The ache in my kidneys eased.

She walked farther up my spine, past the pressure points associated with stomach, spleen and gall bladder. She paused and probed between my ninth and tenth thoracic vertebrae. Kan Yu. Bladder Meridian point number 18.

"And your liver," she said. "You have trouble."

A few weeks before, my doctor had told me that my liver was enlarged.

She pressed that liver point.

"You are full of toxic matter," she said. "Your pathways are blocked."

She worked her way up my body, tapping, kneading, poking, back and front, until she reached my head, where she pressed a spot on the top of my skull.

"Small intestine point," she said.

The moment her thumb touched, my small intestine, like a suddenly unclogged drain, gurgled. She removed her thumb, and the gurgling stopped.

"Techniques are simple, very simple," she said, "but you have to be sensitive. Sensitive to your subject. You must breathe with him, move with him, feel with him."

She plugged my ears with her forefingers, and I closed my eyes. The sounds of the East West Center—a telephone ringing in the next room, someone clattering a dish in the kitchenette, a conversation—were muffled, and I heard the rumble of my blood, which sounded like a subway passing under the street. My mind drifted with the sound through the subterranean tunnels that lie beneath the waking world. I wasn't asleep. I was lucid, but quiet. Very quiet. My breathing slowed. I felt comfortable, as though my flesh—no longer constricting like too-small clothing — fit.

She unplugged my ears, and being popped out of my reverie was a shock as pleasant as suddenly being awake in a room flooded with sunlight. I felt like a 10-year-old, ready to spring from bed. It's been 15 years since I've sprung from bed.

Shizuko had performed shiatsu on me.

Shiatsu means finger-pressure in Japanese. It is a form of massage that uses rubbing, vibrating and pressing techniques to stimulate the 365 basic acupuncture points in the human body. I had first heard of it two years ago, after I had spent a week abandoned on an uninhabited strip of island, torturing my body for the sake of an assignment, a survival experiment on the west coast of Andros Island in the Bahamas. A tablespoon of wormy water for a daily meal. Some thin plastic sheets for shelter against the cold nights and the scorpions. The sneakers I wore were filleted by the sharp coral; and, by the time I returned to the United States, the chopped raw soles of my feet left blood-prints on the wooden floor after I had shed my shoes and socks.

I had returned from this adventure to Boston's Logan Airport and was staying that night with an old high-school pal and his girlfriend, a woman named Carol. After an hour of watching me hobbling around the apartment, barely able to lift my rucksack, weakened from exposure and suffering muscle spasms, Carol told me to follow her. We left my friend's apartment and crossed an alley to the house next door, where Carol lived. She led me into a room, which was empty except for a low, long table covered by a white sheet. She lit incense, brought me some valerian tea and told me to strip.

The house was a massage collective, and Carol was trained in both Swedish and shiatsu massage. For the next two hours she oiled, rubbed, pressed and poked my body. By the time she was through, my feet weren't healed; but my muscle spasms were gone, and I felt rested, strong and energetic. This experience was as different from a traditional Western massage as the glow you feel after a stroll in the park is from the flooding of vitality you feel after an all-day hike.

And there was none of the Saturday-night-wrestling thump and maul of traditional Western massage, the intimate brutality that protects the masseuse and the massaged from the awareness that flesh is working on flesh. The shiatsu massage was a dialogue, each body responding to the other, aware of the almost subliminal physical cues. This is what Shizuko means by being sensitive during a massage. It was pure sensuality, but chaste sensuality. Voluptuousness drained of eroticism—and therefore drained of the demands of the ego. And what a boon to us, the American descendents of Calvin—we could enjoy ourselves, convinced we were suffering the pleasure for the sake of our health.

This, I thought, has got to become very popular.

And, in two years, it has begun to develop the kind of underground following transcendental meditation had when it first drifted West. John Lennon and Yoko Ono, Rudolf Nureyev, Martha Graham, Muhammad Ali and Jackie Onassis have all discovered shiatsu. Unlike Japan, which has 20,000 licensed practitioners of shiatsu, the United States still has only about 20 shiatsu masters operating out of 20 centers. But the number of shiatsu experts is reaching a level of critical mass and will begin increasing geometrically as each expert teaches a new generation of students.

"In America you are used to buying health from a doctor," said Michio Kushi, president of Boston's East West Foundation, founder of *East West Journal* and Erewhon, a company that produces and distributes organic foods. "But health comes from how you treat your body."

He drew a cigarette from his pack of Benson & Hedges as slowly and carefully as if he were drawing an acupuncture needle from someone's body. As we talked, various members of his household, his disciples, wan, intense people, who seemed as insubstantial as spirits, drifted through the living room.

The house, a small crenelated castle with a circular drive, a building made out of stone the color of wet cardboard, used to belong to Cardinal Cushing College. The room in which Michio and I sat must have been 40 feet long and 20 feet wide. Reed mats were set into the floor. Beyond the windows was a garden as peaceful as a Japanese print. The air in the room was so still that half an hour after Michio had tapped his cigarette ash onto his cigarette pack, the ash, looking as solid as a coiled spring, had not moved.

I distrust leaders of cults who live too well, but Michio had been a successful businessman with Takashimaya, a Japanese department store in New York, before he had begun to teach Oriental medicine. If he was successful now as well, it was easy to chalk it up to harmonious living; he swims with the forces of life, not against them. A notion not alien to the West: elementary Max Weber; capitalism and Calvinism; those who will be saved in the next world are successful in this one. And Michio—who has that paradoxical look of certain between-the-wars European nobles: an asceticism that seems to grow greater the more one hedonistically indulges—despite his material comforts, strikes one as sincere about his mission. He believes. And what he believes in is not dishonorable.

"This so-called shiatsu or shiatsu massage," he said, "started some several thousand unknown years ago. It is more or less intuitive. When you have some shoulder stiffness, you automatically give a massage. Or press. So you might say this primitive form existed from the beginning of human history."

According to legend, shiatsu (an offshoot of the traditional Japanese massage, *anma*), acupuncture and moxabustion—which is the burning of mugwort on the acupuncture-acupressure points—all were organized into arts in the Yellow Emperor's time in China. The Yellow Emperor, Huang-ti, the legendary third of China's first five rulers, lived about 2,500 or 2,700 B.C.—the dates vary according to how you adjust for historical parallax. And *The Yellow Emperor's Classic of Internal Medicine*, the 4,600-year-old *Merck Manual* of traditional Oriental medicine, is the first codification of the arts that the East West Foundation teaches.

"But," Michio said, "in Korea stone instruments were discovered that apparently were used for acupuncture and that date back to at least 3,000 B.C. Also in India were discovered figurines of a medicine man who carries in his hand needles. Estimated time: 3,000 B.C."

The theory that shiatsu is grounded upon spans Asia from India to Japan. The Japanese call the energy animating the human body *ki*; the Chinese call it *chi*; the Koreans call it *gee*; the Indians call it *prahna*. Shiatsu—like acupuncture—tries to promote the free flow of this energy through the body by stimulating the acupuncture-acupressure points and breaking up whatever blockage of energy has developed at those points.

Blockages occur when an imbalance tilts the system. Cosmic pinball; you've got to keep the ball in action. The left flipper is Yin; the right flipper is Yang. The universe is bilateral. Everything—even energy—is either Yin or Yang. All the shiatsu masters I spoke to were very careful when they introduced the terms Yin and Yang, because Westerners have a tendency to understand Oriental concepts metaphorically and then to dismiss the metaphor as a figure of speech rather than accept it as a representation of reality. But metaphors are the best bridge we have; they allow us, spiderlike, to cast ourselves across a synaptical gap and to start weaving connecting webs.

There was none of the Saturday-night-wrestling thump and maul of traditional Western massage, the intimate brutality that protects the masseuse and the massaged from the awareness that flesh is working on flesh

- If the universe were a battery, Yang would be the positive pole and Yin would be the negative pole.
- Is the universe a battery?
- The ultimate Everlast. But it's also the gizmo the battery powers.

Yang energy—according to shiatsu theory—flows from the sun down the back of the body along six lines of force. Yin energy flows from the earth up the front of the body along six lines of force. Twelve lines of force. Yang energy and Yin energy flooding through these lines of force form a current—a metaphysical mirror of the circulatory system—which always moves in the same direction.

Michio drew this energy flow in the air surrounding his body, a ballet of hands. He described the theory in an offhand manner, as though he did not doubt his listener would immediately accept his model of reality. A persuasive speaker, he made his assumptions your assumptions by anticipating your questions and answering them with a quiet reason based upon his original premises. And, since everything he said followed from those original premises, you had to—at least temporarily, for the sake of the conversation—accept them. He did not allow any questioning of those premises; if you didn't accept them, there could be only silence between you. His charisma was nothing more than the power to make you take the world on his terms while in his presence. He was a politician of the occult.

"These lines of force are called meridians," he said.

Each meridian is associated with an internal organ; and the organs are divided into two classes: *Zo* organs and *Fu* organs. The Yang meridians are associated with the *Zo* organs: stomach, large intestine, small intestine, bladder, gall bladder and heart governor, a mythical (or perhaps real, non-physical) sac that protects the heart and controls the circulation of blood.

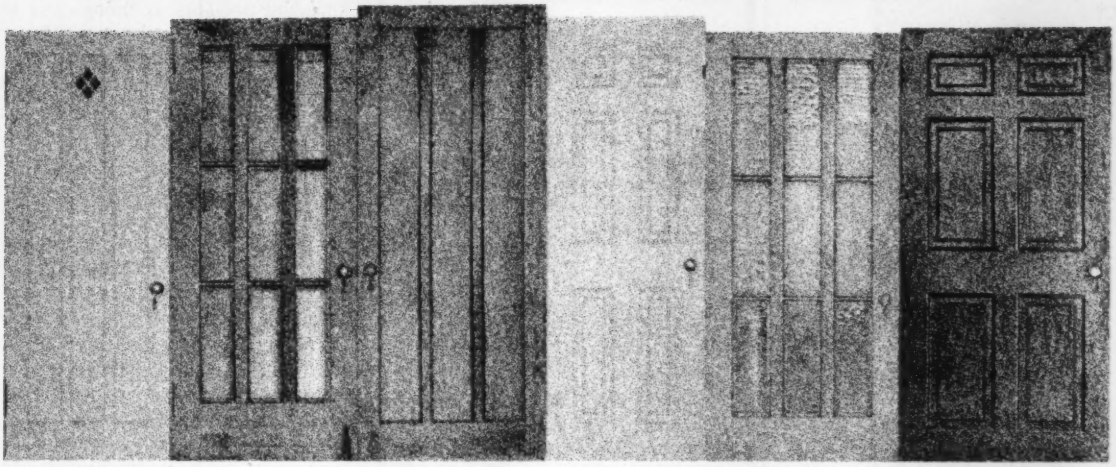
Had I spoken to Michio before experiencing a shiatsu massage, I may have unquestioningly dismissed the heart governor (and Michio, when he started describing phantom energy systems and organs). However, Shizuko had been able to tell from pressing my spine that I was having kidney and liver trouble; and her massage had eased the discomfort I'd been feeling for weeks. In fact, after a dozen massages over a two-month period, both complaints have vanished. Like acupuncture, acupressure massage seemed to work; and, if it worked, there had to be a reason why.

So, when Michio introduced the concept of an invisible organ—the heart governor—I was ready to entertain (or at least be entertained by) the notion. After all, shiatsu is called an art; and, in confronting it, I am ready to invoke Coleridge's "willing suspension of disbelief," with which I approach any other art.

The Yin meridians, Michio explained, are associated with the *Fu* organs: pancreas (which traditionally, although incorrectly, is translated as spleen), lungs, heart, kidneys, liver and the triple heater—another perhaps-mythical, perhaps-real-non-physical organ which acts as a thermostat controlling the energy keeping the body alive and warm.

The *Zo* and *Fu* organs all form Yin-Yang tandems: stomach-pancreas, large intestine-lungs, small intestine-

Has National Politics left you in the corridor of lost causes?



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heart, bladder-kidneys, gall bladder-liver and heart governor-triple heater.

"Sometimes you find someone who has trouble with his large intestine has trouble with his lungs," Shizuko had said as she pressed on my stomach, kneading my guts as though she were rolling out flour to make French bread.

And there is some scientific evidence that shiatsu's pairing of organs is neither a random nor an esoteric ordering. The gall bladder, for example, stores the bile that the liver produces, and the bladder stores the urine that is secreted by the kidneys.

In addition to the 12 meridians associated with the internal organs, there are two other meridians—called vessels—that shiatsu theory considers to be significant and six further meridians that tend to be neglected. The conception vessel lies along the front of the body like the blue thread tucked into the lateral crease of a boiled shrimp. The governing vessel runs down the back along the spine. These two vessels coordinate and control the flow of energy moving through the 12 meridians. The six other slighted vessels play such a minor role in shiatsu that their names have not been translated into English, and, like a disreputable branch of a family tree, they are not generally indicated on shiatsu meridian charts.

"The acupuncture points—we call them *tsubos*—are located on the meridians and vessels," said Michio.

The 365 given earlier is a migratory number: there may be as many as 657 *tsubos*. But most practitioners of shiatsu recognize 365 (or in some cases 361) major points, of which fewer than 100 are attended to during a treatment.

Just as each meridian is associated with an organ, each *tsubo* is also associated with an organ or a function. For example, the *tsubo* Shizuko pressed between my second and third lumbar vertebrae was the spot associated with my kidneys; and that point—the kidney point—was located on the meridian associated with the bladder. A kind of physical cross reference. Bladder Meridian point number 23. The diagram of the lines and points looks like a subway map of the human body. And those who know the map can easily navigate the terrain.

Shortly after I walked in, Michio said, a little slyly, "You have intestinal troubles. And kidney, I think." He examined my face as though my head were a skull he had dug up and was trying to identify: bone structure? length of brow? shape of jaw? "And your heart. A murmur."

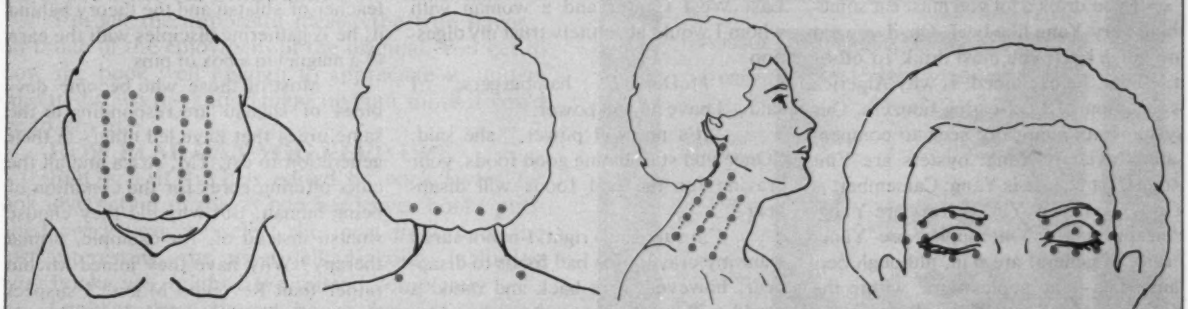
The shiatsu headache treatment

Shiatsu claims to give immediate relief from nearly every type of headache pain. The most common kinds of headache, those caused by fatigue, tension, overindulgence in food or alcohol or lack of sleep, can be treated effectively with a single shiatsu session. Although the more severe forms of headache, such as migraine, can be temporarily relieved by a single treatment, they require consistent treatments spaced over a period of days or even weeks. If the headaches don't disappear, you must consult a physician, for they may be caused by organic problems.

Press index and middle fingers on each of the pressure points shown in the diagrams. Maintain the pressure for 3 seconds. Pause. Repeat the procedure on the same point 2 more times. If you still suffer discomfort, go back to the areas that gave you the most relief, usually the base of the skull, the back of the neck, the temples and the points around the eyes. If you feel the headache recurring, do the full sequence again.

If possible, lie down for a few minutes after you finish shiatsu. Close your eyes and breathe deeply.

Adapted from *Shiatzu* by Yukiko Irwin with James Wagenvoord. Copyright © 1976 by Yukiko Irwin. Published by J. B. Lippincott Co. (*Shiatzu* is an alternate spelling for *shiatsu*.)



Michio was vague about what clued him to my condition, partly, it seemed, because he did not want to give away any professional secrets and partly because, in diagnosing, practitioners of shiatsu are skirting the boundaries of medical practice. Although shiatsu may have beneficial results in treating disabilities that stem from stress and tension, people involved in shiatsu do not make any public claims beyond asserting that the massage can help you relax.

Traditionally, however, shiatsu has been used to help the body heal itself. In some cases, it is clear how shiatsu can help. To the extent that ulcers and colitis are caused by tension, shiatsu, by relieving that tension, may promote cures. In other cases, it is not as clear. In Japan, shiatsu is used as a remedy for toothache, deafness, tonsilitis, angina pectoris, impotence, frigidity and sterility—in fact, for virtually all infirmities except those of a mechanical nature like broken bones.

In this country, practitioners of shiatsu limit their activities to teaching techniques, giving treatments (without specifying any medical benefits for them) and occasionally giving non-medical diagnoses.

There are—Michio explained—four forms of Oriental diagnosis. When he looks at a subject and can identify a problem—for example, as he did with me, seeing my intestinal and kidney problems manifest in the redness of my eyelids—he is performing *bo shin* or visual diagnosis.

If he were to ask me questions that I would answer, he would be performing *mon shin*, or verbal diagnosis. (*Shin* means diagnosis). If he were to sniff out the ailment, catching whiffs of body odor, he would be performing *bun shin*, or diagnosis through smell. From the way he explained this process, it is less like Lassie tracking a villain than it is a polite snuffle. More discreet than a nose in the armpit.

A rancid smell indicates liver or gall bladder trouble. A burned smell indicates heart or small intestine trouble. A sweet smell indicates stomach or pancreas trouble. An acrid smell indicates lungs or large intestine trouble. And a putrid smell indicates kidney or bladder trouble. A good practitioner of Oriental medicine must have a nose that is as sensitive to the bouquet of the body as a vintner's tongue is to the subtleties of wine.

The fourth method of diagnosis is perhaps the most important: touching, or *shoku shin*. *Shoku shin* has been refined into a number of specialties: for example, diagnosis by touching the abdomen is *fuku shin* and diagnosis by feeling for the pulse is *se shin* or *myaku shin*.

"The Oriental medicine takes pulse in three points," Michio said.

Each point has a surface pulse and a deep pulse. Six pulses for each wrist. Twelve pulses altogether, one for each meridian.

"Yes," he said, after he finished describing the methods of diagnosis, "heart."

He wagged his finger at me.

"What can I do to help it?" I asked.

His concern for my heart was making me nervous.

"Shiatsu is not medicine," he said. "We diagnose; we demonstrate. But. . . ."

Like most practitioners of shiatsu, Michio does not want to tangle with the AMA, and the whole legal issue surrounding the practice of shiatsu is cloudy. It is different from Western massage (which treats the circulatory system) and from chiropractic (which treats the nervous system), and therefore cannot easily be smuggled under the legislation that applies to those other two arts.

". . . But," Michio said, "the important thing is you must learn to eat well."

Shiatsu massage is a way of tinkering with a machine that has begun to break down. The way to avoid the breakdown itself, according to Michio, is diet. When Michio warns that we must change our eating habits or "America will die out from cancer," he is speaking literally. And you don't have to be a believer of his philosophy to recognize that what he is saying may be true. Our food is filled with carcinogenic additives.

Michio's solution is to eat mac-

robiotically—which means to eat the foods grown in the area in which you live (because they are best suited to the body's needs in that climate)—and to balance the Yin and Yang energy in your system using different foods as nutritional weights. Add a little Yin to your diet if you're too Yang, a little Yang to your diet if you're too Yin. The ideal diet is simple and tends to be vegetarian—although, as one shiatsu master told me, it's the balance, not the food, which is most important.

"Alcohol is very Yin," he said, "so if you drink a lot you must eat something very Yang like beef. Or, if you eat too much beef, you must drink to offset it." That, he explained, is why America is a nation of beef-eating boozers. Our systems automatically seek to compensate. Caviar is Yang; oysters are Yin. Roquefort cheese is Yang; Camembert is Yin. Eggplant is Yin; carrots are Yang. Pineapples are Yin; apples are Yang. Fruits in general are Yin, although certain fruits—like apples—are, within the Yin category, fairly Yang. Balancing a diet can be as complicated as plotting the trajectory of a spitball.

Two years ago, after Carol had given me my first shiatsu treatment, she visited the farm I was renting in western Massachusetts, and, to introduce me to natural foods, she spent a day rooting about the fields behind the house, digging up unsavory stalks and weeds. For dinner, we had brown rice and tofu (which she had brought with her), burdock root, day lilies, dandelion root and a number of other plants that I didn't recognize and that she declined to name.

The meal was lovely to look at once it was prepared and arranged in the plate. And it tasted delicious. Delicate. Subtle. I was surprised. My wife and I gobbled it up. That night and for two days thereafter we suffered the worst case of cramps and diarrhea either of us had ever groaned through. It was even worse than the dysentery that had weakened me when I'd first met Carol.

Carol, who exhibited no ill effects at all, said that the good food was causing our systems to purge themselves of the poisons we'd been building up by eating bad food. I was sure she had dug plants downhill of our leach-field . . . although, as she pointed out, *she* hadn't gotten sick.

So, when I was reintroduced to macrobiotics a few months ago at Michio's East West Foundation and New York City's East West Center, I was suspicious. I drank my bancha tea and chewed my *mochi* warily. No spasms, only a few grumbles. My belly bore up admirably, and I found myself developing a taste for the food.

But a taste for the food is not enough to make a convert; and, while I believe that the acupressure massage can work many of the wonders it claims, I am not as convinced about the virtues of macrobiotics. Eating a well-balanced diet of natural foods seems reasonable, but even that modest aim seems, for some reason, beyond me.

"How're you eating?" asked Serena, one of the shiatsu teachers at the East West Center and a woman with whom I would absolutely trust my digestion.

"McDonald's hamburgers," I said. "I have no will power."

"It's not will power," she said. "Once you start eating good foods, your craving for the bad foods will disappear."

I'm sure she's right. I'm not sure I want my craving for bad foods to disappear, however. I sit back and think: a world without Fritos, without hot dogs and sauerkraut, without charcoal-broiled steaks, without cotton-candy, without beer and bourbon, without chocolate pudding and hot fudge sundaes . . . .

"Alcohol is very Yin," said the master, "so if you drink a lot, you must eat something very Yang, like beef"

"It's hard to write this piece," I told Serena over the telephone. "I feel confused about my feelings toward the whole business. I think it's all undoubtedly good and admirable, but I'm not sure I want to be that virtuous."

"Come on down here and I'll work on your back and unlock your *ki*."

"I hate to tell you what I've used to unlock my *ki*."

"What?"

"Speed and six cups of coffee."

"I'll get it out of your system."

"Wait till I see if it works," I said.

"I'll see you soon," she said.

Well, it's six hours later; and, if I go to the East West Center, it'll be to relax after finishing the piece. I'm used to my old Western vices; they're comfortable. And although I like and admire Serena and the people at the East West Center very much, I'm made nervous by the transcendent tendencies of their philosophy.

"Many people—including the majority of those who study Oriental medicine—say since the body exists then the meridians exist," said Michio. "But rather I would say, since the electromagnetic current exists along the meridians then the body exists."

The meridians are a template, an energy skeleton upon which the body is hung. The *keiraku* energy system (which is what the web or meridians throughout the body is called) is the Platonic ideal; the flesh-and-blood body is the shadow on the wall of the cave.

Michio is the most prominent teacher of shiatsu and the theory behind it; he is gathering disciples with the ease of a magnet in a box of pins.

Most of those who become devotees of shiatsu are responding to the same urges that have led others in their generation to est, TM, Arica and all the cults offering cures for the condition of being human. But why did they choose shiatsu instead of, for example, primal therapy? Why have they joined Michio rather than Reverend Moon? I suspect the answer lies in the fact that their anxieties and dissatisfactions have focused on their bodies in a unique way.

Michio's theory of the body as energy denies the body as flesh. His philosophy offers an escape from the gripes and gases of the physical. If shiatsu offers a chaste sensuality, perhaps it is the chasteness, not the sensuality, that appeals to so many.

The ethereal people who drifted through Michio's Chestnut Hill mansion seemed to have passed through the sixties' saturnalia seeking to become creatures who (like those in George Bernard Shaw's *Back To Methuselah*) thrive on air. They spoke too softly; their gaze lingered on your face a moment too long. In their presence, I found myself uncomfortable, then angry—my anger, a shield against the sympathy I felt—not for them but *with* them. We live in a world where death, like the ashes that settle after a big fire, covers everything. PCB, DES, vinyl chloride, leaks of radioactivity into the oceans, asbestos in the air, mercury in our fish, sludge on our beaches, nitrates, nitrites, Red Dye No. 2. It is in reaction to the fouling and poisoning of our planet that Michio's followers are obsessed with eating pure foods, purifying the body, unblocking the *tsubos*, flushing out and cleansing the system. Backing away from a world that is destroying itself in its own filth, they are blundering into a belief in immortality. Deathless energy. But it's not immortality they want. They want life. Or at least a world in which life has an equal chance against death.●

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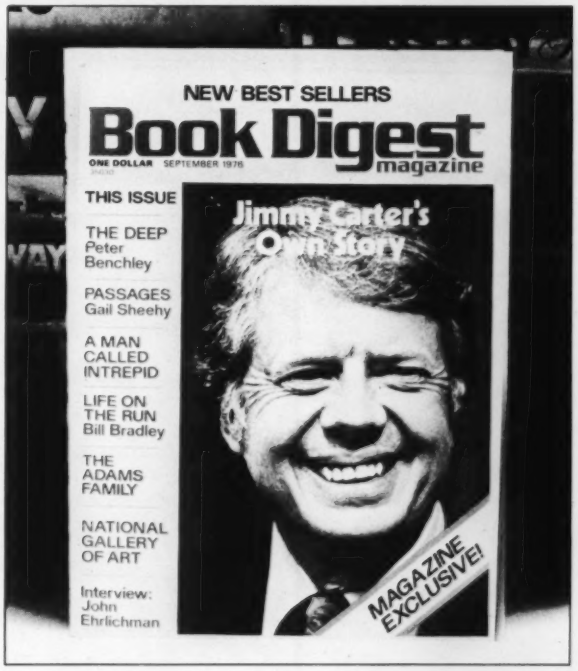

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PHOTOGRAPH BY CARL FISCHER

THAT'S WHAT WARREN BEATTY TOLD A HOLLYWOOD FUND-RAISING PARTY. FOR WORKING ONE DAY ON DEEP THROAT, HARRY FACES UP TO FIVE YEARS IN JAIL. PEOPLE ARE WONDERING WHO MIGHT BE NEXT **BY GERRY NADEL**

"Today Harry Reems, tomorrow Helen Hayes"

TO: Gerry Nadel [et al.]

FROM: Colleen Dewhurst, Ben Gazzara, Mike Nichols, Stephen Sondheim

Please join us at a party . . . at Ted Hook's Backstage, 318 West 45th Street.

We are holding this party to express our concern over the recent Federal conviction of actor Harry Reems, and to raise money to fight the dangerous precedents that this trial has established which directly affect all artists. . . .

"All drinks are two dollars, even for the press." Ted Hook sounds almost apologetic. But, hell, what's two bucks for a good cause? The bar is doing big business. People are plunking down their cash, buying their shots and firing them, so to speak, in defense of civil liberties. The old gang is back on the ramparts.

They are shoulder to tailored-denim shoulder, jammed into the Backstage restaurant—theater folk, writers, ACLU heavies, ladies from the Bill of Rights Foundation and here and there a certifiable celebrity: Dewhurst, Gazzara, Nichols, Sondheim and friends.

Ramsey Clark shows up. That makes the evening official. Sure, he admits, as photographers take his picture standing next to Harry Reems, this is going to lose him votes in his race for the U.S. Senate. "I believe in the First Amendment," he drawls, "and I don't worry about the rest." He circulates through the crowd, people slapping him on the back.

There's a glum-looking tweedy sort moping at a corner table—a magazine editor. He's been through this legal defense scene before. "Why do these cases always involve such shitheads?" he complains to his date. "Ralph Ginzberg and that tacky mail-order stuff. Al Goldstein and, f'r chrissakes, *Screw* magazine!" He wrinkles his nose. "It used to be, when you were fighting censors you were fighting for James Joyce, D.H. Lawrence, Henry Miller." He shrugs. "Oh well, I guess the principle's the same, but . . . *Harry Reems*?"

Indeed, Harry Reems. The star of *Deep Throat, The Devil in Miss Jones* and at least five dozen other epics celebrating mankind's more mammalian traits. He has made his reputation with one very special talent: he can get up for a scene at a moment's notice.

Now he faces as much as five years in jail and a $10,000 fine for his work in *Deep Throat*. He is the first actor ever convicted on federal obscenity charges (co-star Linda Lovelace got off with immunity for her testimony to a Brooklyn grand jury reportedly probing organized crime in the pornography industry). Harry was not tried for obscenity itself—there's no federal law against making pornographic movies—but, rather, the U.S. attorney in Memphis charged him with conspiracy. He was indicted with ten others—moneymen, producers, distributors—and charged with conspiring to transport obscene material across state lines for profit. Harry said he'd never met the men with whom he was supposed to have conspired. The prosecution said that didn't matter—the Chicago Seven hadn't all met before their trial, either. Nor did it seem to matter that Harry had made the film in 1972 under a 1957 Supreme Court ruling that nothing was obscene unless it had no "redeeming social value." A year later, the Court changed the standard. Now, in order to be protected by the First

PHOTOGRAPH BY CARL FISCHER

Amendment, a work had to show "serious literary, artistic, political or scientific value"—a much tougher test, and one that *Deep Throat* failed in Memphis. That was another thing: the Memphis jury used local standards of obscenity in a case involving an alleged nationwide conspiracy. In effect, it had set national standards.

Then there was that doctrine of "vicarious liability": though Harry had only acted in the film (he worked one day and earned $100), the prosecution said he was responsible for the actions of everyone else in the "conspiracy." The film wouldn't have been possible without him, the reasoning went; ergo, the conspiracy wouldn't have been, either.

That kind of reasoning was giving Jack Nicholson sleepless nights. His film *Carnal Knowledge* had been busted in Georgia. Only the movie-house owner had been tried, but, under the Memphis precedent, Nicholson might have been, too. As Warren Beatty put it at a Hollywood version of the New York fundraiser, "Today Harry Reems, tomorrow Helen Hayes." It was a Distant Early Warning Signal. Very distant. Like the man said, Harry Reems isn't James Joyce. But the alarm rang loud enough to get everyone out to the Backstage restaurant.

"I don't ever want to ask an actor or actress to do something in a scene and have them say, 'Not on your life—I don't want to go to jail!' " says Mike Nichols, who has been working on a film version of Lillian Hellman's *Scoundrel Time*, about the wishy-washy sellout liberals of the 1950s. He's drawn a lesson from it: "To help Harry Reems is to help ourselves." He is smiling. If only Lillian could see him now.

Ben Gazzara is even more defiant. "I've been going to the gym every day," he says. "My body's in *wonderful* shape, and if I wanna make a hard-core porno film, I want the *right* to!" He gets the second-biggest hand of the night. Then Reems himself takes the microphone behind the white piano bar. He is wearing a white three-piece suit, blow-dried puffed hair and a mustache from a Victorian French postcard. "I want to commend your courage," he says. "You're making a statement just by being here." *That* draws the evening's loudest applause.

Later, Harry works the crowd. He picks up a small donation here, a lot of encouragement there. A reporter approaches him. "I'm with *Women's Wear Daily*," she says. "May I ask a few questions?"

Harry looks up at her. The reporter is rather tall. Harry isn't.

"You have exactly three minutes," he snaps.

"I bet you say that to all the girls," she purrs, and walks away.

The kind of strain Harry's been under since March makes a man a little less than gracious. There's been the trial, now the appeal . . . and worse is yet to come. Eventually, he'll have to go through it all over again. He'll return to Memphis to stand trial for his role in *The Devil in Miss Jones*. The issues in the new case are the same as in the first one.

"Any local-yokel prosecutor could haul you into court," Jay Harris, Harry's New York lawyer, warned the Backstage crowd. "It could happen to *you*—and, just like Harry, you'd have to go to some obscure place in the United States, get a motel room and sweat it out." He made nine weeks in Memphis sound like five years in Leavenworth. For most of those who heard him, it probably would be.

Memphis is, well, kind of dull. It's a strangely anonymous city, with nothing to tell you this is the Deep South except for the accents and the Mississippi River lapping up against the western edge of town. There are enough tall buildings to keep the Chamber of Commerce happy, but downtown Memphis is frayed around the edges with boarded-up shops and empty offices. The only businesses that seem to be thriving on North 2nd Street are the peep shows, places like the Avant Garde Cinema, featuring a "Pornucopia of the World's Finest Adult Entertainment—23 Private Movie Rooms with Sound and Memphis Largest Seliction of Adult Film & Erotic Paraphernalia, Couples Welcome."

"My body's in *wonderful* shape," Ben Gazzara told the crowd, "and if I wanna make a hard-core porno film, I want the *right* to"

"Yes, there are porno theaters operating in Memphis," Larry Parrish admits. "Their cases are still on appeal." His office is a few blocks from North 2nd Street. It is small, functional, bare, with two government-issue file cabinets and a gun-metal grey desk. Thirty-two years old, Parrish is the assistant U.S. attorney who prosecuted Harry Reems. "Here's the thing about the porno industry," he explains. "They fight you tooth and toenail. It doesn't matter if it's a one-book sale case, they fight it with every motion they can file—expert witnesses, appeals." His voice is soft, with the drawl almost—but not quite—homogenized out of it. "If you get a conviction, they just pay the fine and go right back into business. It's a refuse-to-be-deterred tactic. They're saying, 'We can't be stopped, so why try?' "

Why, indeed? "Whenever there's a violated law, especially one violated as flagrantly and often as this one, it creates general disrespect for law, period." Larry lights the first of the half-dozen Benson & Hedges menthols he'll smoke in the next hour. A bit of ash falls on his sleeve. He's wearing his go-to-court dark suit. His short hair is neatly combed. "That's why we prosecuted Mr. Streicher. [He refers to Harry only by his legal name, Herbert Streicher.] We wanted to put viability back into a law that was fast dying an unnatural death. And it's having that effect. Judging from the calls I get, prosecutors are taking a new interest in enforcing these laws."

Does that mean the kind of crackdown Nichols and Beatty warn of? He waves his hand impatiently. "Either these guys don't understand or they're crying wolf or they're bespeaking their political views." He looks half amused, half disgusted. "They might be First Amendment absolutists . . . and if they are, there was never a more inconsistent position on earth. If someone *really* believes in First Amendment absolutism, he's gotta be against truth-in-advertising laws, against SEC stock disclosure regulations, against sedition laws. It makes you an anarchist, almost." Larry sounds well rehearsed, as if he's said all this before.

He probably has. Harry's case is only one of a series of federal porn prosecutions in Memphis. Parrish has spent four of his seven years with the U.S. attorney's office preparing obscenity cases. Seven years is a long time to remain an assistant U.S. attorney. The pay isn't very good. The job is usually a quick stop on the way to private practice. To stay seven years, a man would have to be a rather mediocre lawyer or a very single-minded prosecutor. Larry is demonstrably not a bad lawyer: in a dozen obscenity trials since last September, involving 60 defendants, there has been only one acquittal.

If he's such a bright guy, he must be playing an angle—that's the way they had it figured in New York. He must be running for office or something. He isn't. He doesn't plan to, either. What about his statements that there's a nationwide pornography conspiracy? Does he see

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALLAN TANNENBAUM

The stars shine at a New York fund-raiser: Ramsey Clark shakes hands with Harry (top) while Reems' constitutional law expert, Alan Dershowitz of Harvard, looks on. Bottom, left to right, Vincent Gardenia, Gay Talese and Stephen Sondheim.

Mafia involvement? Is he using pornography to attack the Mob? "Some names were revealed in our investigation which were familiar," he admits. "But that was secondary. This was not a thrust at organized crime as such."

No, he really seems to believe, as he told Bruce Kramer, Harry's Memphis attorney, that smut is a greater threat than heroin: drugs can be cleansed from the body, but pornography's damage to the psyche is permanent. "I don't like to talk about my personal beliefs." Larry's lips press into a hard, thin line. "People try to say I'm some wild-eyed zealot, a super-religious fanatic, using his office to convert his personal opinions into law. It's not true. If I were a person who professed atheism, who rejected the Judeo-Christian ethic, who felt decency and respectability were outmoded, I would have exactly the same responsibility in this office and would bring the same amount of diligence to this prosecution." Larry, of course, was indulging in the hypothetical. His sense of duty is hardly at war with his conscience. "I'd have to admit I haven't had many battles with myself along those lines." Larry, rather, is a church-going Evangelical Christian and a family man whose phone, right now, was ringing with a call from his seven-year-old daughter.

"You jumped off the diving board? Abigail, that is *tremendous!* I bet you kept your head under, too." Larry was smiling. He doesn't smile often, but when he does it's a good one, the kind you see in the Coca-Cola ads. "You cried a little bit? Oh. . . . Well, I can't wait to see you. 'Bye, Abigail." Larry doesn't get much time with his three kids. He has been working as much as 16 hours a day, six days a week, since the obscenity trials began last fall. It's as if he's gone off to war and left his family behind for the duration.

Larry might consider that an overstatement, but it is no more so than his own that an "all-out offensive" by the smut merchants is underway, "a major thrust to create the impression that pornography is acceptable to society." It must be stopped: "obscenity is anti-sex. It reduces sex to mechanics, depersonalizes it, dehumanizes it. Total hedonism is a destructive thing. That's the issue on the other side: 'If you can get it to stand still long enough, screw it—you might enjoy it.' "

Where does Harry Reems fit in? "He violated the law." But Harry says he was only an actor, he had no control over the film. Larry doesn't hide his contempt: "Look, if you have fellatio with one girl and cunnilingus with another while your finger's in the twat of a third, you've got to know the general nature of the film you're making." He shakes his head. "He signed a document releasing his image for distribution around the world. To say he didn't participate in the distribution of the film isn't accurate, because without him there would have been no distribution." He raises a cautioning finger. "Remember, the jury was instructed, 'Before you can find Mr. Streicher guilty, you must find he knowingly joined a conspiracy to distribute the film in interstate commerce.' That jury heard nine weeks of testimony. They had to be convinced beyond a reasonable doubt."

But did Harry ever stand a chance with a Memphis jury? Larry flashes his good ol' boy smile. "Everyone thinks we got a bunch of redneck jurors down here just humping to get a conviction. But they all start off with the attitude that consenting adults should see everything." He snorts. "Hell, we showed one jury a film with a woman under a donkey, having fellatio . . . *eating* the semen!" He lets the image sink in. "You'd figure, if anything's obscene, that's gotta be it—and you know, they got an acquittal." The look on his face says, "Can you believe it?" "Jurors say, 'We don't wanna be *censors*.' " He lights another cigarette. "Nobody knowledgeable about prosecution would say obscenity is an easy target. It's nearly impossible. But we accomplished it."

Still, why put Harry away for as long as *five years*? "This case represents something new," Larry begins. Again,

there's that pre-rehearsed quality. "Until *Deep Throat*, actors and actresses in this sort of film were unknowns. Just blobs of flesh. Unidentified. But in *Deep Throat*, a new technique was used in pornography. They created a star. They were trying to imitate Hollywood. It was another attempt to give themselves an aura of legitimacy."

He stubs out his cigarette. "It all comes down to the lick log," he drawls. "You know—the lick log? Where your daddy took you when you were bad, bent you over and gave you a couple of licks." He leans back in his chair. "Well, if Mr. Streicher gets off easy, what with the publicity and all, his career could just take off." Larry's eyes are opaque, unreadable. "But if he gets a couple of licks, maybe he'll think it wasn't worth it after all."

"*Where* is Parrish *coming* from?!" Harry Reems sounds totally baffled. "He keeps talking about what a detrimental effect pornography has on the mind, right? Well, Parrish has probably seen every pornographic movie ever shot! More than I *made*! And it obviously hasn't affected *his* mind."

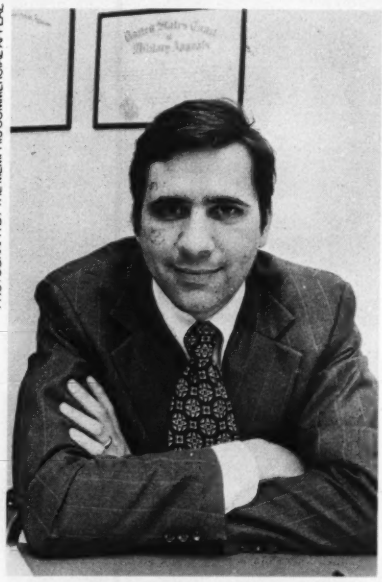
He shakes his head. "I mean, he's good, you know. A very good prosecutor. He does his homework. He knows his law. He knows how to handle a courtroom. Did you see him with that jury? Hear his summation?"

Harry arches an eyebrow and sips from his glass of orange juice. It is the morning after the Backstage fund-raiser, and Harry is breakfasting at a crowded Times Square delicatessen.

"When Parrish summed up, he kept talking about 'Mr. Streicher's mammoth cock.' He said, 'If you find *Deep Throat* not obscene, Mr. Streicher—see him over there?—his *mammoth* cock is going to ram down your children's throats, and his come is going to drip off their teeth.' I don't know if this is a precise quote, but he also said, 'If you don't find *Deep Throat* obscene, it's gonna open doors to other types of films that will amount to *child molestation*!' " Harry is reenacting the summation, gestures and all. " 'How about your dead mothers and fathers? You wanna see necrophilia on film?' "

Suddenly, Harry sees everyone watching him. He lowers his voice. "*This* is the language he used. Two and a half hours. Oh, it was an excellent summation." Harry puts on a sour smile. "Excellent. That jury went out of there *repulsed* . . . and came back with a verdict of obscene in 15 minutes. After a nine-week trial."

His voice is beginning to rise again. "But, God, he was *vile*! He was *obscene*! He was, truly, the most obscene thing in that courtroom, the language he used." Harry sounds genuinely shocked. At the age of 29, there's a lot of Westchester left in him yet. That's where he grew up, in Harrison, New



PHOTOGRAPH BY THE MEMPHIS COMMERCIAL APPEAL

Prosecutor Parrish: "obscenity is anti-sex."

York, a Westchester County suburb north of the city. He comes from a "nice, middle-class Jewish home," as he puts it. About a dozen years ago, like a nice Jewish boy should, he left home to go to college—the University of Pittsburgh. Two years later, like a nice Jewish boy shouldn't, he dropped out and

The prosecutor's summation, Harry says with a sour smile, was "excellent. That jury went out of there *repulsed*. . . . He was obscene! He was, truly, the most obscene thing in that courtroom, the language he used"

joined the Marines. Two years after that, he was in Greenwich Village, trying himself out as an actor. He had some success, but not enough to keep the rent paid. "A fellow actor told me, 'Hey, I know where you can pick up some dollars,' and suggested that I perform in what were then stag films. Well, I've always been curious. I tried it . . . and was rather surprised at the type of people I was involved with. I figured it would be hookers, *dirty* people. Sleazy pornographers. But I get on the set and there are two girls—students. Sociology, NYU. Working on PhDs." Maybe not exactly girls Herbie Streicher would want to take home to mother in Westchester, but . . . *almost* respectable.

Did he enjoy his work? The question is inevitable, but Harry refuses to answer it. Instead, he explodes. "I am a proven *actor!* It's not . . . I'm a little more intelligent than that!" The words splutter out faster than he can organize them in a stream-of-consciousness garble. "I have a little more dimension to my personality. I do not walk around telling people, 'I'm the greatest guy with the greatest control and I can shoot come farther than anyone else!' " People are staring again, but this time Harry doesn't care. "That's not my *bag*, all right?! So just *stay away* from that shit!" There is true menace in the warning.

Why does the question make him so angry? I ask. "Because! I'm involved in a legal problem here and—don't you realize?—if I start talking about the many films and who the best actress is and all that shit, it is going to *hurt* me! They're gonna say, 'The kid's out there doing dumb interviews about who the best star is and who's the best fuck and who gives the greatest head . . . and here he's asking me to support him publicly.' And I'm not going to do it!" Respectability is more important than ever now, especially with money to raise.

How did the fund-raising go last night? "I don't have the figure yet," Harry says, "but it wasn't much. That party was mostly to generate publicity, support. We'll have other parties to raise money." He chases a bit of egg around his plate with his fork. "Fifteen hours a day I work on fund-raising. I work on putting guilds and unions behind me, trying to get briefs filed with the courts. Getting materials from one lawyer to this foundation, getting motions and briefs sent over to that guild." He stares at the wall. "This isn't how I want to live. I mean, my life never included any of this. I wasn't into politics, civil liberties. People ask me, 'Why aren't you screaming about the First Amendment? Why aren't you screaming about constitutional infringements?' Why? Because I don't scream about it normally. *You* want to scream about it? Thank you, I need your voice."

He crumbles a crust of toast between his fingers. "So I'm sitting here

doing an interview, and after this I'll get on the phone and start a fund-raising thing in Chicago, and then, this afternoon, maybe I'll do *another* interview . . . about this shit." He lets the crumbs fall on the table. "And then somebody will call and offer me his sympathy and I'll say, 'Thank you—would you throw a party for me?' That's *embarrassing*, Gerry. It's a really shitty, shitty situation. It's embarrassing to me and it's embarrassing to all the people who are backing me." He looks down at his plate. "They're supporting the issue, not *me*." It's true. For those who turned out at the Backstage, backing the First Amendment was one thing, *Deep Throat* and Harry Reems quite another.

"This is not the way I had intended to meet people in this industry." He looks very glum. Harry had tried, *really* tried, to switch from porn star to simply star. He had given up the fuck flicks, gone to Europe, started a whole new career in soft-core films—some of them so soft they would have gotten an "R" rating instead of an "X." Harry was becoming . . . almost respectable. Then the Memphis indictment came down.

"They took away my passport." Harry looks up from his plate. "Sure. I'm a convicted felon now. They said if I needed it for work purposes, I could put up a $10,000 bond. But I'm broke. I've got $1,100 in the bank. I had $30,000 saved before all this started. And now it's gone. I could get a bail bondsman to put up the bond, but it would cost me a thousand bucks." He slams his fist down on the table. "I don't want it to cost me a nickel! Why should I give them $10,000 cash? Why should I pay a bail bondsman $1,000? Why should I have to sit in that fucking courtroom to begin with?!"

He stops himself. He drops his head against the top of the booth divider. His eyes are closed, his face red, the cords in his neck very taut. "Every time I get on this, I. . . ," he stops again, . . . "I keep ending up getting myself tight, tense. Hot." He opens his eyes. "I know how Lenny Bruce felt now."

He sits up, slowly. "You know, I gotta go back there for *Devil in Miss Jones*. The judge wants to hear the case. He won't wait for the appellate decision in *Deep Throat*. The judge wants to make me sit in that fucking courtroom again." The red is creeping back into his face. "Georgina Spelvin was indicted this time, too. I feel very bad for her." What has she been doing lately? "I don't know. I never talk with her. I never talk with Linda Lovelace, either. I don't socialize in that kind of world." He stresses the point.

"People tell me, 'Don't worry about it,' so I say, 'Okay, I won't worry about it.'" He drains the last of his orange juice. "But I see what's coming out of the Supreme Court. And I'm afraid. All this publicity I'm getting may have an adverse effect. The judge may think I'm just being self-serving, and he may be inclined to really slap me—put me on the 'licking log,' as Mr. Parrish says." There's a bitter twist to his voice.

"That Parrish—I can't communicate with him. I mean, to him I am just a name on a piece of paper that belongs in a jail cell. The man *refuses* to communicate! Not even 'Good morning.' I get one of these things in the elevator—'Good morning, Mr. Parrish. . . .'" He mimics Parrish turning away. "He doesn't *talk*!" It bothers him that Parrish won't respect him. "He sees me as a *criminal* . . . as a danger to the welfare of the people he's taken an oath to protect. A great big menace."

He leans his head back against the booth divider. "God, am I bitter," he mumbles. "I don't know why." The words tumble out almost without his thinking about them. Suddenly, he realizes what he's just said. He laughs. "Of *course*, I know why." He laughs again. "I mean, *think* about it all!"●

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Television

Dylan's anti-special

By Robert Palmer

Hard Rain *with Bob Dylan.* NBC-TV (September 14, 10 p.m. EST).

Bob Dylan, an improbable gypsy in leather jacket, earring and head scarf, opens his hour-long special, *Hard Rain*, by tearing into "A Hard Rain's A'Gonna Fall." The camera focuses on his scowling, road-weary face and then pans across the audience. It's raining, but the stadium in Fort Collins, Colorado, is full of fans and Dylan is compensating for the soggy weather by singing with more intensity than is usual even for him.

Hard Rain is television's most mature rock presentation to date. There are no attempts to make the picture pretty. The listeners look like drowned rats, and the unshaven, tangle-haired musicians of the Rolling Thunder Revue are huddled in layers of sweat shirts and jackets. The music is sloppy and spontaneous. There are no announcements between songs, no narration, no titles, just a concert performance by Dylan. The cameras keep returning obsessively to his face, and as he sings his more personal songs, particularly "Idiot Wind," a shifting flux of emotions crosses it. The close-ups capture a remarkable succession of aggression, pain, calculation and vulnerability in unflinching detail.

There are four duets with Joan Baez, who is looking immaculate in a scarlet turban despite the downpour. Three of their selections—the traditional "Railroad Boy," Woody Guthrie's "Deportees" and Dylan's "I Pity the Poor Immigrant"—are songs about how America treats its poor, with the fourth, "Blowin' in the Wind," serving as a kind of editorial summary. Then Dylan and the Rolling Thunder band perform "Shelter from the Storm," a weepy country version of "One Too Many Mornings" with fiddle and steel guitar prominent, a hard-edged "Mozambique" and a roaring guitar rock version of "Maggie's Farm" with dramatic stop-time breaks, harmonized lead guitar lines and a scrambling solo from Mick Ronson.

NBC PHOTO

Dylan: close-ups in unflinching detail.

But "Idiot Wind" is the special's centerpiece. Of all Dylan's recent songs, it has the widest scope and the angriest, most personal lines, and, with Rolling Thunder's metallic guitar sound cresting behind him, Dylan invests it with raging passion. Then the titles roll by while an anticlimactic "Knockin' On Heaven's Door" swells and slowly fades away.

The idea of a Bob Dylan network special in prime time will seem incongruous and perhaps even heretical to some of his fans, but the entire project has the Dylan personality stamped all over it. The program was put together at the last minute from footage Dylan selected, and the performances themselves have the unretouched immediacy associated with his best work. *Hard Rain* is the very antithesis of a Cher or Glen Campbell special. It's an anti-special and, as such, it's one of Dylan's finest hours.

Movies

Continental cousines

By Richard Corliss

"All happy families are alike," Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina* begins; "each unhappy family is unhappy in its own way." Yes, and they make for better copy, spikier melodrama, funnier comedy. For a couple of millennia, narrative conflicts have centered on the family (from the *Oresteia* to *Mary Hartman*) and the couple (from Laius and Jocasta to Rhoda and Joe). What's odd is that, for reasons any social scientist worth his Guggenheim grant could trace to the rootlessness of American society, Hollywood films of the last decade or so have largely ignored family life and concentrated on high-spirited, hard-travelin' men in groups. Not one of the summer's half-dozen major comedies deals with the family. A generation ago, Carvel was the name of Andy Hardy's home town; today, the word refers to a thousand anonymous way stations for wanderers in search of soft ice cream. Those who would remember the past are condemned to eat it.

American movies are missing out on more than their heritage here; they're missing the whole point of the nostalgia boom. We're rooting around in the attics of our past because we want to find some family heirloom—innocence, order, community—or maybe just some family. TV moguls realized this years ago; hence *The Waltons*, *Rich Man, Poor Man* and *Family*. Documentary filmmakers recognized the historical (as well as narcissistic) value in investigating their origins, and the result has been a glut of family-album *cinéma-vérité* that has left no ethnic grandmother unfilmed. Granted, the TV audience (including the audi-

ence for Public TV, where most of these ego-ethnocentric documentaries wind up) is composed mainly of preteens and over-30s, for whom TV-watching is the dominant family ritual. The bulk of the American movie audience is aged 15 to 30; Mom and Dad are something this group is just breaking away from or just becoming, and it finds the recognition of family responsibility less appealing than dreams of individual freedom. Today's movies are feeding those dreams—and providing about as much nourishment as a Carvel double-dip.

In France, where people of all ages still go to the movies, and where the Generation Gap doesn't seem to yawn quite so wide, the bourgeois family remains a major theme in dramas—such as Claude Chabrol's—and comedies—such as Jean-Charles Tacchella's

Victor Lanoux and Marie-Christine Barrault elicit moments of warm recognition in *Cousin, Cousine*.

Cousin, Cousine, which enjoyed critical and popular success in France and now looks to duplicate the achievement in America. The brood here is an enormous interlocking conglomerate of great-uncles, second cousins, half-sisters, etc.; it would take a family-tree surgeon months just to diagnose the lineage. At the wedding of two lively souls in their twilight years, the bride's daughter and the groom's nephew meet and immediately fall in . . . *like*. Each has a spouse: Marthe's husband is a loopy Lothario; and as for Ludovic and his manic-depressive wife, they are chronically incompatible in the Ogden Nash tradition ("he had no income, and she wasn't patable"). But Marthe and Ludovic's lovely friendship turns into a gloriously unabashed sexual love that dares to speak its name every time the family gets together. The relatives' response: raised eyebrows, gaping mouths, secret smiles.

The audience I saw *Cousin, Cousine* with laughed from start to finish: not the laughter of explosive surprise—the kind you get at a Mel Brooks movie—but the laughter of warm recognition. A married couple sitting behind me ticked off a list of people in their own family whom the film's family fondly reminded them of. And Tacchella is a wizard at eliciting that response. The film is as tightly constructed as a Preston Sturges comedy, and it's filled with bits of comic business so old a middle-aged audience might think they're original (a man carefully pours out a small glassful of wine, and then guzzles down what's left in the bottle; Ludovic's wife applies some lipstick in her bathroom mirror before trying to slash her wrists, which she decides not to do anyway when she nicks her finger with the blade). And if audiences turn on to the two lovers, it's not just because Victor Lanoux (as Ludovic) has the sexy but solid presence of a Gallic Spencer Tracy (though Marie-Christine Barrault, as Marthe, is certainly no Katharine Hepburn). It also has to do with Tacchella's use of a dramatic convention that antedates Shakespeare: make your lead characters sensitive, appealing identity figures, and turn the featured roles into comic grotesques. Marthe and Ludovic's reckless affair doesn't really hurt anyone, least of all their spouses. You can't wound a cartoon.

There are a lot of things I admire in *Cousin, Cousine*: Tacchella's breezy pacing, his layering-over of incident and dialogue, his ability to make a crowded, complicated narrative clear to the viewer. Indeed, I can respond more easily to the movie's mechanics than to its ooh-la-la naughtiness. The film is both clever and a little smug—like the French bourgeoisie itself. It's as if Parisian charm were a commodity that could be bottled, imported and sold in a chic Madison Avenue boutique. "And would madame care to see our new line of French kissing cousins? Only the finest quality, *je vous assure*."

* * *

To judge from its comedy films, Italy is certifiably insane. The combination of a demonstrative nature and a conservative structure—with Mother Church acting like Mama Portnoy—would seem to have produced a nation of guilt-ridden satyrs and reluctant virgins. Sexual guilt is the original sin Italian men hung on to even after they lost their religious faith. So they've turned the mating ritual into a carnal crusade against the twin demons of women and social convention. The battle of the sexes is a guerrilla war fought by gorillas. And lurking just out of the range of fire is the archetypal Italian family: overprotective mother, choleric father, rosary-fondling grandma, Rabelaisian grandpa, mustachioed maiden aunt. It may make for a hell of a home life, but it's fertile fodder for satire. One filmmaker, the late Pietro Germi, worked half a dozen hilarious variations just on Italy's marriage laws—splenetic farces such as *Divorce Italian Style, Seduced and Abandoned* and *Alfredo Alfredo*. When the government finally sanctioned divorce in the early seventies, Germi must have been outraged at the loss of this comic target; I like to think he died in protest.

With the last film he worked on, **My Friends** (which Mario Monicelli completed after Germi's death), the director tried to accommodate his patented ferocity to post-Christian Italy. His earlier films pictured decent young men or women doomed to suffocation in the family bosom; *My Friends* was about four middle-aged guys who celebrate their freedom from tradition by playing elaborate practical jokes on society at large. But though their pranks may be therapeutically liberating, the movie makes them seem childish and desperate; and, willy-nilly, an air of autumnal failure settles over the men and the film. It's hard to guess what Germi would have made of *My Friends* if he had lived to direct it, but maybe he realized he wouldn't. The film's narrator and (we may assume) Germi's alter

ego, an aging journalist, suddenly dies toward the end of the film—and his friends think at first that it's another of his practical jokes! Germi's own death was a dirty trick played on the film, and on the potential for the Italian comic cinema to move beyond the social clichés that Germi, at his best, knew uniquely how to transcend.

* * *

From the delirious American reaction to Lina Wertmuller's films (it's a Bergman, it's an Aristophanes, it's Superlina!), you'd never know that she sprang from the same comic tradition. In *Seven Beauties*, for example, Wertmuller pulls a clever, but hardly profound, switcheroo: she sets the standard Italian figures of farce down in a Nazi concentration camp, with a rapacious pimp pitted sexually against a mammoth lady commandant. But Wertmuller is always driving her movies (and her audiences) to extremes. Her patron saints are Karl and Groucho Marx. She works you over like some mad sado-masseuse spouting agitprop while she pounds the spine of your sensibilities raw. You get a pummeling, too, from her actors—especially her shrill trilby, Giancarlo Giannini—whose gestures suggest a traffic cop on speed and whose dialogue is delivered in arias of invective at fortissimo pitch.

You can see most of these elements at hard work in **Let's Talk About Men**, an early (1965) Wertmuller movie just now released here. It's a four-part omnibus film with Nino Manfredi playing four different subspecies of the Italian male: not the convivial cutups of *My Friends*, but men isolated from women and life by their ironic resignation, their senile pride, their intellectual contempt or their criminal sloth. In 20-minute doses such as these, her proscriptions on sexism and selfishness are easy to take, since Wertmuller is basically a sketch artist, a caricaturist who works in red, black and blue. But like her mentor, Federico Fellini, she has strained to make Something Important of her comic talent, and produced something less. Maybe I'm wrong, and her films are for the ages; or maybe she's this year's Bruce Springsteen. Wertmuller is soon to begin shooting her first film in America, and it will be interesting to see what effect our own social and movie conventions will have on her work. God knows, America could use a comedy on some subject other than locker-room bonhomie. So let's hope Wertmuller can train an acutely critical eye on America's nuclear-age family: Daddy Warbucks, Ma Bell and poor old Uncle Sam.

MUSIC

Jazz

Why try to play your best?

By Frank Conroy

There is an aspect of jazz which separates it from other forms of popular music; that is, it is more than the sum of its parts. It can transcend, in some mysterious fashion, the elements out of which it is constructed. Louis Armstrong, for instance, would often build solos of such simplicity that if one were to go by the notation alone, one might think them the work of a particularly gifted child. Hearing them, there is a feeling of elemental strength, a kind of stand-up hotness mixed with sweetness that is the soul of Satchmo, and a particular pressure and immediacy that defies analysis. At a less exalted level, there is the work of someone like Zoot Sims. For more than 20 years, Zoot has been playing the same bebop riffs, blues licks and swing phrases as dozens of other good sax men, and yet he is an enormously admired player among musicians, precisely because night after night and record after record, by the sheer force of himself, he surpasses his material. The licks and riffs are not the message; they become the platform upon which he stands to do another, deeper, less tangible kind of singing. No one knows where this aspect comes from, or why some men have it and others don't. It is clearly not the result of technical skill—there are idiosyncratic players like Erroll Garner who have it in abundance, and extremely facile players like Ahmad Jamal who don't have it at all. Let it be called, for the sake of the discussion, the T factor. It may be mysterious, but it is extremely important.

Gabor Szabo: live, at least it was jazz.

Jazz history is full of players who scraped along for years, despite tremendous talent, unable to get enough work, playing for small audiences and getting underpaid for anonymous record dates. Charlie Parker and John Coltrane come to mind. The pressures on these men to go commercial at certain stages in their careers must have been strong indeed. The fact that they didn't can be attributed not so much to strength of character, although it may certainly have been involved, but to the T factor. These men had experienced the profound pleasures of transcendence—of playing like angels—and simply could not help themselves, so the argument runs, every time they picked up their horns, from going after it again. The T factor protected these men, as it has protected players great and small, keeping all those who have it on the true path, however far along that path they might find themselves. Without such protection, talented musicians can, and do, go under.

Gabor Szabo grew up in Hungary, listening to jazz on the radio. Tal Farlow and Wes Montgomery impressed him, as well as a lesser known guitarist named Johnny Smith. (Smith had a particularly nice way with chords, which were always beautifully voiced, but for some reason improvisation was difficult for him, and his career stalled.) The great gypsy guitarist Djan-

go Reinhardt seemed, because he was Hungarian, insufficiently exotic to the young Szabo, who listened instead to Charlie Christian. In repressive, post-uprising Hungary, jazz was frowned upon, and Szabo left, eventually making his way to the United States.

Gabor's first break was with Chico Hamilton, a drummer associated with the cool, West Coast-style of the sixties. After working with Hamilton's group for several years, he went on to play as a sideman with various combos, including some of his own, and continued to appear on records. Apparently a mediocre sight-reader, he was nevertheless a good supportive player, with a fine percussive attack and a strong sense of timing. During the sixties and seventies, he played with many well-known musicians, and seemed to have found a comfortable niche. No one thought of him as a particularly forceful or original player. His solo ideas were good, but they rarely developed: rather than building long structures, he would string a series of beginnings together. He meandered. He seemed to be working at jazz from the outside in rather than from the inside out, but he was tasty-sounding, and his timing was good. (One of the nice things about jazz is the fact that you don't have to be great. There is lots of room in jazz. Most players are not great, know it and lose no sleep over the fact.) Szabo is an intelligent, eclectic player, and it does him no discredit to point out that he lacks the T factor. On the other hand, it may explain a great deal about his latest record.

I saw Szabo at the Bottom Line in New York a while ago, backed up by electric piano, acoustic bass and drums. ("My sound mixes better with other electric instruments," Szabo told me.) Szabo learned on an acoustic guitar, and, although he now plays electric, his attack retains the original flavor and, to my ears at least, would mix just as well with acoustic instruments. I suspect that his motives in this instance were more commercial than aesthetic. The group, buoyed by some fine jazz on the keyboard by George Cables, played pleasant, rather conservative music. The bass player interwove jazz and rock styles with facility, and Szabo ruffled out jazz chords and some vaguely Andalusian drone patterns, his solos a bit fragmented as always but satisfyingly clear. He plays standing up, hunched over his instrument in a sort of half crouch, his round shoulders motionless, his hips occasionally moving in a fluid, half-time motion. A number of different styles are in his music: the double octave runs of Wes Montgomery, glints of Flamenco and Latin and the steady movement of three- and four-string chords in the classic manner of Jim Hall, and he mixes them tastefully. There was nothing very exhilarating in all this, but at least it was jazz.

"I don't care about the past," Szabo said to the audience between tunes, "just the future, and my future is with Mercury records." Szabo's first record with that label, an album called *Nightflight*, could be a textbook example of how low a talented musician, unprotected by the T factor, can sink in the pursuit of the dollar. There is no jazz on the album. Cut by cut, it is a cross section of some of the worst fads of pop recording today.

Side one. "Concorde (Nightflight)." Grossly overproduced: strings, harp, flutes, horns, etc., playing a rather simple tune, based on the two-chord minor riff played by every guitar player who wants to sound Spanish. The tune fades out rather than ends. "Funny Face." Gabor sings. You'll have to hear it to believe it.

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Count Dracula moaning as he lurches back to the crypt. Various sighs and groans for the 12-to-15-year-old female market. Again, the tune fades out instead of resolving. "Baby Rattle Snake." Unabashed disco. Rock drums and all the little Moog effects. Szabo solos on two chords. One scale all the way. Six and a half minutes of empty licks. Another fade-out. "Theme For Gabor." Slow, dreamy, with a "classical" feeling. Almost entirely copped from other people's music. Phony from start to finish. Side two is no improvement, with Szabo resorting in each cut to fade-outs. Most of the music on this album was written and arranged by Ritchie Rome and Bunny Sigler, and it is poor work. Szabo has delivered himself to the Philistines, and this record, at least, is an insult to the jazz players and jazz fans who nurtured Szabo when he first arrived in this country.

There is no tragedy here—Szabo was not that good to begin with—but there is sadness. Jazz players are only men, and most of them can be corrupted like anyone else. The artists with the T factor are safe, but the middling players like Szabo are especially vulnerable. Why knock yourself out trying to play difficult, challenging music for a small sophisticated audience when you can play jive for a large naive one? Why do the hard work of writing tunes with interesting forms and real endings when industry hacks will supply easy, trendy material, and you can fade out at the end of every cut? Why try to play your best? Why indeed?—unless you love music and respect it.

Books

About a biography, *Black Sun*

By Geoffrey Wolff

Geoffrey Wolff's biography of Harry Crosby, *Black Sun*, was published last month by Random House to unanimous critical acclaim (see Behind the Scenes, page 6). As tradition—not to mention modesty—prevents a critic from reviewing his own book, we invited Geoffrey to share his thoughts and experiences while writing *Black Sun*.

* * *

During our fifth grade year, a kid named Marion—a boy—joined my class a month late. We gave him a rough time, because he was a new boy, because of his name and because his father drove a Studebaker. But then he came to the school Halloween party tricked out as Superman, or, more precisely and appropriately, as Superboy. What a costume! His mother had put it together, and hang the cost! Blue tights, and not the usual Dr. Denton's, either. Over these he wore crimson shorts, nut-huggers with a sun-gold belt, the whole works lavish with felt and velvet. And the cape! Silk, we believed, probably rayon. Instead of the regulation chest colophon—red *S* on a yellow field—Marion showed a lightning bolt, and it was a *bolt*: we could smell sour smoke and static when he walked near us.

Because of this gear, Marion rose in our esteem that day almost to mediocrity, and he must have enjoyed the sensation because he wore it to school the following day, and the day after that. Miss Champion suggested that he retire it for a year, and he explained that he could not, that it was his uniform, that he was truly Superboy, son of Superman. Even Miss Champion laughed at the idea, Superman in a Studebaker! But Marion kept a purchase on his claim, placing in evidence his dad's Coke-bottle glasses: was this gentle four-eyes not just such an unprepossessing character as Clark Kent himself?

Harry went to World War I with dreams of glory; he returned with nightmares of insanity and mutilation, and an increasing fascination with death.

We were not persuaded, and it went hard with the boy for a while. And then, as though less in desperation than from pity (oh ye of little faith!), Marion offered to demonstrate his powers. He would fly. He would not, he warned, fly far, for his business was not with frivolous miracles but the undoing of crime. The following afternoon, while his mother was at bridge, he would fly, from his roof.

The next day after school we assembled in his front yard. From the refuge of his attic, Marion watched us gather, as though we had come to lynch him. Presently, when we had settled down, he surprised us by crawling through a dormer window to the peak of his roof, almost three stories above us. He inched along the roof to its edge and looked down upon us. The wind ruffled his wonderful cape, and the sun hit the colors—royal blue, gold, crimson—and who could fail, at such a moment, to believe? Surely Marion, patient but condescending, seemed to believe, for he looked down as from majesty and asked *us*: "Are you ready?" And a girl cried out, plenty of respect here, "Fly, Marion," and so he did. Off the roof, and the cape spread, and down he came, down, like glistening Phaëthon. He hit, gasped and rolled onto his stomach. We decided he did not cry. Someone went for a neighbor, and she shooed us all home, and took Marion to Dr. Von Glaun, and he set Marion's leg. Next day this boy was in class on crutches and wearing civvies, and until his father drove him (now in a Hudson Hornet) to a new school in a new town, no one teased Marion. Who wanted to tangle with Superboy? He had flown, and before our eyes, sure enough.

Many years later in a film course, I watched a movie made at the century's turn, probably by the brothers Lumiére. It is a documentary, and shows a man climbing to the top of the Eiffel Tower. The camera, halfway up the tower, records his ascent as it regards a huge crowd massed below, the gentlemen wearing derby hats, the ladies carrying parasols. The man struggles with an absurd apparatus of

cloth and metal, and this presently reveals itself as a set of huge bat wings. The frames jump and skip but it's clear that this winged fellow is entirely miserable. Perhaps he will fold his wings and climb down. Something more, however, is expected of him. He flaps his wings. The camera cuts to the crowd below, cuts to the man. Enough: it is time now. The man jumps, stretches his wings; they fold like a dead butterfly's, and at camera height he bumps against the tower and then disappears. The crowd below converges on something, a sack of something metal and cloth, blood, brains, bones, honor. This was an honorable man: dead.

The subject of my biography, *Black Sun*, was obsessed with flight, with honor and with death. Harry Crosby told his friends, and many mere acquaintances, that he would kill himself on the last day of October—Halloween—1942. He planned to jump from an airplane, to bomb Paris with himself. People grew weary of this promise, and with his fixation on suicide. Archibald MacLeish said shaking Harry's hand was like taking the hand of a corpse, but he didn't really believe his friend. No one did. However, by and by and well ahead of schedule, on December 10, 1929, he shot another man's wife and then two hours later himself, and by this anarchic act authenticated his life.

This is a perverse and morbid fact, but it is true for all that. I would not have written about Harry Crosby, no one would have, had he not done the awful thing to himself that he promised to do. A Boston patrician, the nephew and godson of J.P. Morgan, Harry was accustomed to having his way, and it was his absurd ambition to become a poet by becoming a genius, and a genius by driving himself mad. He believed that the performance of a poem licensed any excess, and any vice, a notion by no means confined to madmen or suicides, or the poets of earlier times and far-off places. As a poet, he chose to take the dare of such predecessors as Baudelaire, who created on the page simulations of insanity, through calculation and control. Baudelaire was, someone has written, "crazy like a fox." Harry Crosby, who was not much of a poet, did not comprehend conceits. He tried to act out metaphors, and even similes, and so for him no fox, just crazy.

When a biographer comes to exhume and pick over a dead man's bones, he makes an odd discovery. Direct action rather than rumination serves his narrative best; that is, I was fortunate that Harry's imagination did not run deep, that he had no power to translate what was visible to him into what would not be visible to me, into fancy. This man enacted his thoughts, and so for me he left a trail, which he thoughtfully blazed and obsessively recorded, in letters, diaries, autobiographical poems and acts extreme enough to have been memorialized on police blotters. Moreover, had he been a better writer there would have been little need for me to resurrect and finish him.

But his life had about it the consistency, the roughly shaped quality, of a character from a novel, as he might be imagined in a preliminary draft. He meant to make himself up, and he did.

On a trip to North Africa in 1924, Harry and Caresse (above) bought four jars of opium, which they kept in a toy chest.

He said early in his life that he would "strive for an unbroken consistency and unity of aim" all his life, and he did. And shortly before he shot himself and his friend, he wrote that "one must submit to the consequences of a principle which one has established oneself." Camus put the matter with more elegance: "There exists an obvious fact that seems utterly moral: namely, that a man is always prey to his truths. Once he has admitted them, he cannot free himself from them. One has to pay something."

So: Harry scribbled poor rhymes that prophesied his own death, and, in order to ennoble those poems, he was obliged to authenticate his prophecy. Camus has also written in the *Myth of Sisyphus* that suicide "is prepared within the heart, as is a great work of art." But Camus was arguing against suicide in his book, and suicide is no work of art, whatever the intricacies of its preparation and design. Art is a process of benign effacement and exhaustion. Suicide is not a poet's best poem, or a poem's final stanza; it is a concession that the poems in a man are finished.

But this leaves the biographer to explicate the final poem that was not. Or to alter the figure, to take the character formed in preliminary draft through a final draft, to find in that (unachievable) "unbroken consistency of aim" a pattern that might explain Harry Crosby to himself. Harry killed himself—in good health, high spirits and from hope—on behalf of the idea of killing himself. He had built around himself a prison of announcements of this end: "time," he wrote, "is a tyranny to be abolished," leave the table before you are full, die at the right time, kick morality's ass by outfoxing it, play God, be what you will. Finally, he obliged himself to call his own bluff.

Imagine him otherwise, still alive, the club bore, telling of having sowed his wild oats on several continents, retailing anecdotes about the time he damn near did himself in. Unthinkable! But just as he trapped himself, so did he trap me. I chose to make of myself a junction box by whose agency he closed the circuit of his life's intention and his life's execution, but this obliged me to take his act seriously, to loathe it yet to respect its weight. William James wrote that when a man takes his own life, "the fact consecrates him forever. Inferior to ourselves in this way or that, if yet we cling to life, and he is able to 'fling it away like a flower' as caring nothing for it, we account him in the deepest way our born superior." It is awful to submit to this proposition and nearly impossible to resist it.

A confession: I have come during the five years I spent on *Black Sun*, to believe that I could write another biography only about another suicide. Is this not the moral and aesthetic persuasion of a cannibal? Has life no pull, natural rhythm no challenge? Let me explain, try to justify myself. I am by preoccupation a novelist, and I have an abhorrence of loose ends and wound-down springs. I greatly admire Sherwood Anderson, and a biography of Sherwood Anderson is long overdue. I

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could not write it: he lived to 64, and *Winesburg, Ohio* was published 22 years before his death. What would I do with the final 200 pages? Harry Crosby died in the full of life, at 31, in control of his own end. The biographer is the hostage of truth, as the novelist is not. The biographer cannot control the events that control him, and if his subject is similarly the hostage of hazard, what skeleton might the flesh of the biographer's narrative cleave to? Harry, by shooting himself, solved the major problem of any biographical narrative: he gave it purpose, order, point and a conclusive end.

I began my investigation for *Black Sun* with two fundamental documents: Harry Crosby's three-volume diary, *Shadows of the Sun*, and Caresse Crosby's autobiography, *The Passionate Years*. (Titles were not their long suit, nor names: Caresse's given name was Polly.) The latter is riddled with self-serving inaccuracies, misplaced chronologies, persistent inflations of station and achievement and prettied-up versions of ugly events. From *The Passionate Years* a reader learns that Harry Crosby died, and an attentive reader might guess that he died by his own hand. But the precise character of that episode is under deepest cover. It is only human that she keep her peace about her husband's suicide contract with another woman (although he offered many times to kill her instead, an honor she resolutely and sensibly declined). But having undertaken to write, print and retail the story of her life and Harry's, she fell under other regulations than those that govern normal human conduct.

Had Harry Crosby been similarly manipulative of his facts, I would have had a monstrous time reaching the depth of him. But, with one exception, his diaries are entirely accurate. I can only know this because they can be checked against his letters home to his mother (which unblushingly carry on about his serial affairs with many, many ladies not his wife) and which correspond with his published version of events. By checking him against such documents as newspapers and finding him exact, I could soon enough take his version of events as truthfully reflective of his acts and judgments, and could deduce from them his motives.

Only in the matter of his sun worship, a confused system of rites and persuasions which he bought at wholesale to provide him an off-the-rack set of fixations by which to provoke poems, was he devious. He adjusted his diaries to reflect an obsession with the sun that predated his actual obsession with it. Nothing more greatly challenged my integrity as a biographer than this silly mishmash of myth and rituals. Harry confused unity with totality, so he attempted to absorb within his belief every aspect and atom of the sun that man in his wisdom or silliness had ever found cause to venerate. He swallowed the sun without salt, whole, bringing to his worship a hodgepodge of Christian and pagan theologies, together with scraps left over from the Aztecs and the Pharaohs, Greeks and Romans, Goethe, Rimbaud and the tarot pack.

Nothing would have pleased me more than to have discovered in this mess something shapely, a driving purpose, and in an early draft I labored to extract from it a coherent theology, to dignify Harry further as a thinker and perhaps a prophet. But, in truth, what seemed confused was simply confused. I wish it were otherwise, for my affection for this man is great (and is itself confused); otherwise, I could not have lived in his life five years as I did.

No fox, just crazy: Crosby set out to become a poet by becoming a genius, and a genius by driving himself mad.

A biographer can take too gravely his own rectitude. In writing a preliminary proposal for this project, I discovered myself justifying it thus: "I hope in my exploration of this man's Narcissistic life and end to salvage for myself some generosity and compassion from the imperatives of art." Now this is cant. What I really wanted was to tell a tale, and trust it to lead readers to a set of moral conclusions about the consequences of a religion of art.

But I am no preacher, nor was I. I developed an ugly appetite for other people's private letters and am not to be trusted alone in a house with any person's unlocked desk. I found my favorite documents the most vulgar, old newspaper clippings and passports and botched first drafts and report cards and letters about money. I loved to find references in Harry's journals to his finances: to gambling losses and stock market transactions and overdrawn bank balances. I discovered about myself that my instincts and appetites are more those of a hawkshaw or gossip or police reporter than of an academic. I speak here not of my use of materials, but of my excitement in finding them. I was more thrilled to discover a letter from a gunman friend of Harry's, offering to kill Harry's rich aunt for a hundred dollar fee, than I was to find a contract between Harry and James Joyce detailing the terms to be paid for Harry's publication of Joyce's work in progress. But in this Harry and I share, at bottom, similar tastes. And so I like to regard him as my brother.

My most exciting find was at Southern Illinois University, whose library has a huge collection of Harry Crosby papers and attic scrapings. Among the latter, I found in a cardboard carton a cigar box. Inside this was a passport case. Inside this was an envelope, and inside this envelope a poem, written by Josephine Bigelow the night before Harry shot her, declaring her resolve to be shot by him, as soon as possible.

This document utterly transformed the shape of my book. Before its discovery, I felt obliged to attempt to restore to Harry so much of his good name, whose return he merited. People thought him a miserable murderer, a man who had shot a girl he could not otherwise have had. I knew otherwise. I *knew* she had wished to die with him, that he was no murderer, except in the face of law. But since I could not prove this, I feared I would be forced to thump away at a drum, to sell a thesis worth not much more than any thesis is worth. Then I found this poem, this proof, and I could set my book at ease and let it take its natural course without evident interference from me. Harry and Josephine could do in serenity and in their own time what Harry and Josephine did. Climb high, jump, flap their wings, fall, die.

Food

The milkless shake/By Bud Newcomb

Whatever happened to the Great American Milk Shake?

This question has concerned many connoisseurs of the rapidly vanishing species, because they're just not what they used to be. Not too many years ago, ice cream was iced *cream*, not iced half-and-half, and a decent milk shake was ice cream with whole milk and flavoring all shook up, not a puffy, gelatinous, nearly tasteless glob of junk that has been sitting in a machine for the last 24 hours.

Foraging for food in roadside restaurants, you could easily believe that the milk shake is extinct, succeeded by the ubiquitous "shake," "thick shake" or "frosty shake." Lax state and federal regulations for frozen dairy products, compounded by greedy retailers' desire for ever greater profits, have done the dirty work.

In the "good ole days," ice cream, the prime ingredient of a milk shake, was as much as 16 percent butterfat, with fresh egg yolks used as a stabilizer or thickener. This gave it a smooth texture and a rich taste.

Nowadays, a frozen dairy product can be as low as 10 percent butterfat in content and still be called "ice cream." The stabilizer is almost never fresh eggs but some less expensive thickener such as sodium carboxymethylcellulose (a cotton by-product made from linters), guar gum, refined salt derivatives of various seaweeds or any of an estimated 1,200 different chemical stabilizers, emulsifiers and neutralizers.

When you buy a shake at a short-order chain restaurant such as McDonald's, Hardee's or Burger Chef, you don't even receive this 10 percent butterfat product. Most of these shakes are made with an ice milk base known in the trade as a "shake mix." There are no federal minimum butterfat standards for "shake mix" as such, but most states require 3.25 percent—the universal requirement for whole milk—if the product is called "*milk* shake mix." According to P.G. Keeney of Penn State University's Department of Dairy Science, some shake mixes are below 2 percent butterfat. Perhaps that's why hamburger shops so carefully avoid the word "milk" in their drink designations—although at McDonald's, home economist Jan Peterson maintains it is because their shakes are made from milk powder instead of fresh whole milk.

In the Southeast, Borden's supplies McDonald's with a shake mix made to McDonald's special formula. A spokesman for Borden's (which, incidentally, produces its own shake mix for other fast-food chains) would not reveal the ingredients of the McDonald's mix, but remarked: "I wouldn't eat the damn thing."

Why is there no fresh milk in shakes? The use of milk powder, condensed milk and frozen or concentrated cream in making ice cream and shake mixes allows dairies to buy milk from the farmer during the spring and early summer months, when cows are producing most and prices are lowest. This has made ice cream the "balance wheel" (or "dumping ground," as others call it) of the dairy industry.

Most milk shakes are more air than milk.

As if the product they're starting with wasn't thin enough, the shake makers stretch it a little further. State and federal laws allow ice cream and ice milk to be whipped up to twice their melted or original liquid volume. This means half air and half substance. Even more air is added in making a shake, so you might receive a product that is over 60 percent air. Profits are understandably great when the main ingredient is free.

So what is left? Not much.

Like most good things in life, good ice cream is expensive to produce. Anyone who has made home-made ice cream knows the great cost of heavy cream, eggs, vanilla extract, ice and ice cream salt. You'll be lucky to make it for less than $4 a gallon.

If you choose to buy commercial ice cream, though, you should know that some producers have recently entered the national market with a high-quality product that comes pretty close to Grandma's. Breyer's claims to use all natural and fresh ingredients and has been tested by state laboratories to have between 12 and 14 percent butterfat. There are other national firms making even richer ice cream, according to Penn State's Keeney, but federal regulations do not require them to state the ingredients on the label, so there is no way of knowing what synthetic materials are being used as stabilizers and emulsifiers.

Good ice cream is hard to find, but the decent milk shake is even rarer. There are a few establishments that still try to serve a real milk shake and not the usual ready-made product one finds at the hamburger shops. A good milk shake, however, depends not only on the ingredients but also on the way it is made. Unfortunately, milk shake making is almost an extinct art.

At some parlors, the shake is mixed in the wax-coated paper cup in which it is served. While the beater is spinning, impatient soda jerks twist the cup around to make sure all of the ice cream dips are broken up. In the process, the beater scrapes wax off the inside of the cup.

More frequently, either not enough flavoring is used or too little ice cream and too much milk. The most common shortcoming, however, of which even Howard Johnson's is guilty, is the absence of malt, an added enrichener.

So how do you make this perfect milk shake?

For two 12-ounce servings, start by putting a cup of whole milk in the freezer (very cold milk helps to keep the shake "honestly" thick without the use of synthetic emulsifiers). Twenty minutes later, take the milk from the freezer and pour it over four or five hefty dips of vanilla ice cream in a blender. Then add a liberal amount of flavoring (chocolate syrup or fresh fruits) and two or three heaping teaspoons of malt powder. Mix at a medium or slow speed until the ice cream chunks have been broken up (about one minute). Imbibe. Then run four miles to work off all the calories. ●

ILLUSTRATION BY JIM KINSTREY

Final Tribute

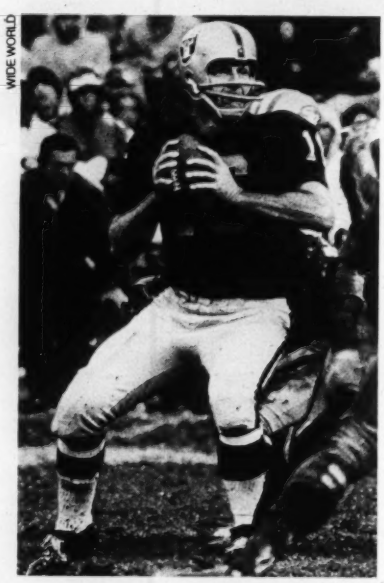
The gridiron's El Cid/By Mark Goodman

George Blanda has retired more times than Generalissimo Franco has died. The first time was in 1959, after 10 seasons with the Chicago Bears. George Halas, owner and coach of the Bears and the virtual inventor of pro football, called the veteran quarterback and place-kicker into his office and said, "George, I don't know whether you can make our club this year." Blanda asked to be traded, but Halas talked him out of it, bought out his contract and sent him into retirement in a good job with a Chicago trucking firm. That was the sort of *beau geste* Halas made to aging Bears who couldn't cut the mustard anymore.

Blanda tried retirement, but it didn't suit him very well. He told Jack Olsen in *Sports Illustrated*: "I drove my wife and kids crazy. I went to the YMCA in Le Grange Park, Ill., where I lived, and worked out every day." It wasn't right, he thought; he had given the Bears some great performances, and he knew he was still in the prime of life. A tough kid from the coalfields of western Pennsylvania, Blanda had completed his hard-knock education under Paul (Bear) Bryant at the University of Kentucky. He wasn't extravagantly gifted, he didn't have the whipcrack arm of Sid Luckman or Frankie Albert or Y.A. Tittle, but he came to play, and he had a strong and accurate toe to boot. (In his first professional appearance, he threw a touchdown pass to George McAfee, whose son now stars for Notre Dame.) At Chicago, he passed for nearly 6,000 yards and 48 touchdowns, ran for 5 more TD's and kicked 511 points in conversions and field goals. Halas rewarded Blanda by putting him out to pasture at 31, and, in turn, Blanda went out to every Chicago home game and rooted for the Bears to lose.

One year later, the American Football League was born as a challenge to the old NFL. First the San Diego Chargers contacted Blanda, but Blanda remembered that their coach, Sid Gillman, the former coach of the Los Angeles Rams, had once, during a Bears-Rams game, refused to lend Blanda a kicking tee. "Go to hell," he had yelled at Blanda. Blanda never forgot such things. "Forget it, Sid, I'll never play for you," he said, and he signed with the Houston Oilers. "The AFL's caliber must be low," said Halas. "Even Blanda can make a team."

That year, Blanda reveled in the Bears' disastrous season, and, when he faced the hated Sid Gillman's Chargers in the first AFL championship, he tossed three touchdown passes, kicked a field goal and three conversions, accounting for every Houston point as the Oilers won 24-16. His team won the championship again in 1961, and Blanda was named AFL Player of the Year. But Houston's fortunes declined, and much of the fault was laid at Blanda's cleats. The quarterback is always the ready target when a team begins to skid, and anyway, Blanda was no more popular in Houston than he had been in Chicago: the fans booed him, they threw Snocones at him and Houston finally put him on waivers. After 18 years in pro football, he was plainly through.



WIDE WORLD

The Oilers had to pull him off waivers, though, because several teams actually wanted the crotchety 39-year-old quarterback. He was traded to the Oakland Raiders, where he served under a man as fiercely competitive and supernaturally unlovable as himself, owner Al Davis. Blanda found a home as the Raiders' full-time placekicker and backup quarterback to Daryle LaMonica. When the 1967 championship rolled around, the Raiders found themselves playing the Oilers, and Blanda's mouth watered at the prospect of sticking it to his old teammates. As the boos echoed across Houston's Rice Stadium, he scored 13 points, leading Oakland to a 19-7 victory.

In 1970, before Blanda's 43rd birthday, Davis called him to his room and told him that the Raiders had put him on waivers, and that this time no one had picked him up. Blanda was furious and told Davis he was quitting. But Davis finally decided that the Raiders could still use Blanda, and persuaded him to stay on. Here are a few things that happened that season: With LaMonica injured, Blanda fired three touchdown passes against Pittsburgh to lead the Raiders to a 31-14 victory. In a game against arch-rival Kansas City, he came off the bench with three seconds left on the clock to kick a 48-yard field goal and to give Oakland a 17-17 tie. The following week, Oakland fell behind the Cleveland Browns 20-13 with minutes remaining. In came Blanda to fire a 14-yard TD pass to Warren Wells, Oakland got the ball back and, with another three seconds left, Blanda coolly kicked a 52-yard goal—the longest of his career—for another Raiders win.

The plaudits began to pile up. Around the country, over-40 fan clubs sprang up in his honor. ON BEHALF OF ALL THE OTHER SENILE OLD WRECKS, WE SALUTE YOU! read a typical telegram. BACK TO THE OLD FOLKS HOME, YOU PHONY! read another.

If the press (and not a few teammates) found him as surly in triumph as he was malevolent in defeat, no matter. George Blanda became an improbable knight-errant in black-and-silver armor to the lame, the halt, the sclerotic and the just plain out-of-breath, an ornery, grizzled beacon announcing to his followers that, no matter what their bosses and their children and their TV sets drummed into their brains, life in America did not have to end at 40.

But it does have to end sometime. The Oakland Raiders announced only weeks before his 49th birthday that George Blanda had been placed on waivers again; this time there was no reprieve. He pointedly said goodbye to only a few teammates, threw his golf bags in the back of his car and stormed off. His records will stand forever: 342 games played and 2,002 points scored in 26 seasons. And if the stoutest men in Blanda's violent world cursed him and hated him and dueled in blood and pain with him under somber Sunday skies, it will also be recorded that not one of them had whatever it takes to play pro football until he was, by God, 49 years old. ●